

THE  
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1818.

ART. I.—*Rob Roy*, by the author of "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and "the Antiquary." 2 vols. 12mo. M. Thomas. Second Philadelphia Edition, with a Glossary.

For why? Because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

*Rob Roy's Grave.*—WORDSWORTH.

THE labours of a powerful intellect applied to works of fiction, confer a value even upon our lighter recreations. Profiting by that eventful novelty of incident, which is calculated to engage while it leads the attention, instruction selects new images in administering its lessons, and contrives to ally the mind by fresh charms to what is generous and great in sentiment, correct and praiseworthy in action. Such may be the uses of these popular works, if guided by reason and sound principle; and it is only to their abuse that we are to attribute unfavourable consequences to the minds and welfare of those who peruse them. A class of writing has of late sprung up from the union of historical fact with the offspring of the imagination, and formed by the masterly hand of a genius that might adorn any path of letters, has established a rank in all the intrinsic properties of good sense and good writing, with the highest walks of the understanding. Since the days of Swift, of Smollett, and of Johnson, who, by his *Rasselas*, shewed that he did not deem this species of composition unworthy of his grave abilities, we have seen no parallel to the searching satire, the humorous descriptions, the morality and pathos, combined indeed in the work before us, but for which we look in each of these writers separately. If La Fontaine, Marmontel, and Le Sage in France derived from their enchanting tales a literary immortality, if upon a like foundation, Goldsmith, Fielding and Richardson have raised the pillars of a lasting fame, the merit of that felicitous combination is as pre-eminent as it is durable, which seems to attain the various excellence we admire in these.

It is the distinguishing character of the standards in this line which have survived the test of time, that their portraits, drawn from the life, were not overcharged in the colouring. If we investigate the cause of our satisfaction in dwelling upon them, it is because they seized the weak and the strong points of our nature, placed them in unaffected attitudes, and if not precisely copying actual beings, at least they embodied faithful delineations of their composition. If we look farther, and seek their more solid distinctions, we shall find them in this, that beside rejecting supernatural interferences, banishing tales of wonder, and reducing amour and intrigue within reasonable bounds, they upheld the dignity by establishing the moral, of their fascinating creations. It was for an adherence to these few plain canons of criticism, and a happy skill to

“Catch the manners living as they rise”

that we could not but remark traits in *Waverley* of an extraordinary pen. It was a work abounding in those exquisite reaches of thought that belong only to a mind of the highest order. It touched the responsive chords of the heart. The same pursuance of classical manner, of wholesome aims, and instructive attainments, has since continued to produce the effect desired on public feeling.

Of all this author's works, *Rob Roy* has excited the liveliest interest. A belief that the well known talents of Walter Scott were enlisted in the composition, the previous celebrity of the author, whoever he might be, the value of the copy-right,\* and, by inference, the sense of its merits entertained by the publisher, influenced, as is reasonable to conclude, by that of the Edinburgh critics—all these circumstances had raised curiosity to the very tip-toe of breathless expectation. It was difficult, no doubt, to satisfy this large demand of interest; a vigorous imagination, deep and extensive reading, profound knowledge of men and manners, fertility of invention—a towering faculty, commanding and moulding every resource to the purpose, could alone have inspired a consciousness and ability to meet it; but notwithstanding the local application of some of the incidents, the recourse had occasionally to a Scottish dialect, now lapsing fast into disuse, and, though appropriate enough in the scenes introduced, yet scarcely recommended to a majority of readers here, the fame of *Rob Roy* has exceeded that of all cotemporaries, and left its merits to be settled with the most distinguished of predecessors. Of the author of such a work we are naturally desirous to know the name and condition, and it is but reasonable to endeavour to discover to whom we are under obligation for instruction and amusement. On this point curiosity remains ungratified, for, in the advertisement to the reader, we recognize the same studied desire of concealment so equivocally expressed in the later editions of *Waverley*, and which continued and now repeated,

\* 3000 guineas, or 14,000 dollars.



induce the suspicion that some object must exist to influence a mind so independent of either praise or censure, to elude the search of inquiry. This object, we have reason to believe, is altogether unconnected with the merits of the work, for there is in it, as well as the other productions of the same writer, every thing to admire, and nothing morally or circumstantially, to blame. Neither are there allusions which can excite displeasure, nor, as in the case of Junius provoke personal resentment. But, like Junius, *stat nominis umbra*.

‘The editor of the following volumes might shelter himself under the plea, that every anonymous writer is, like the celebrated Junius, only a phantom, and that therefore, although an apparition of a more benign, as well as much meaner description, he cannot be bound to plead to a charge of inconsistency in appearing again before the public, when, about two years since in the work called “The Antiquary” he announced that he was, for the last time, intruding in his present capacity.’

As if to shift an imputation that might be inconvenient if attached in the main, the humble character of “*Editor*” seems purposely assumed, and in support of this disguise, the credit of the narrative appears intentionally divided with a supposed unknown hand who supplied its materials.

‘It is now about six months since the author, through the medium of his respectable publishers, received a parcel of papers, containing the outlines of this narrative, with a permission, or rather with a request, couched in highly flattering terms, that they might be given to the public, with such alterations as should be found suitable. These were of course so numerous, that, besides the suppression of names, and of incidents approaching too much to reality, the work may in a great measure be said to be new written. Several anachronisms have probably crept in during the course of these changes; and the mottos for the chapters have been selected without any reference to the supposed date of the incidents. For these, of course, the editor is responsible. Some others occurred in the original materials, but they are of little consequence. In point of minute accuracy, it may be stated that, the bridge over the Forth, near the hamlet of Aberfoil, had not an existence thirty years ago. It does not, however, become the editor to be the first to point out these errors; and he takes this public opportunity to thank the unknown and nameless correspondent, to whom the reader will owe the principal share of any amusement which he may derive from the following pages.’

We have quoted this introduction with a view to show the ingenuity displayed in leading the mind of the reader to some unfixed and uncertain point where it is left to rest, and diverted from too intense a gaze at the nearer object; as also the desire to have attributed not to himself, but to the unknown and nameless correspondent, the principal share of the work. The motives to this proceeding it is believed are too cogent to weaken its probability.

The tale of Rob Roy is unfolded in a narrative of Frank Osbaldistone, the son of an eminent merchant in the city of London, addressed to his friend Will Tresham, detailing an account of his

history and adventures through a most eventful period of life. His father, a true specimen of the old commercial school, had placed the youth in a counting-house at Bordeaux, whither, and especially at Amsterdam, it was usual formerly to send the heirs of a firm for some years, with a view to gain experience of foreign transactions, and acquire commercial habits. Frank Osbaldistone appears to have been one of those whose minds are powerfully attracted by generous objects of pursuit, till they lose sight of sordid views, and forget, in their passion for literature, the seductions of what is denominated in the language of the exchange "the main chance." Accordingly, the injunctions of the parent are disobeyed, the folios of the ledger are deserted for the pages of the muse, and the promised successor to a lucrative concern, adds one to many living instances of the folly of legislating for the destinies of a child. Frank is summoned home to answer for his non-compliance, a court of inquiry is held, and terminates to no good purpose. Remonstrance is misplaced where nature and genius are opposed. Unconvincing therefore were the reasonings of the sire, and fruitless the persuasions of his head clerk Owen. Frank Osbaldistone is exiled to the mansion of an uncle in the north, in the hope that time and reflection, with the fear of disinheritorship in favour of one of his rustic cousins, might work that revolution in opinion, which London's dusky atmosphere is little calculated to inspire. The journey is rendered as fruitful of incident as one jogging on horseback along a monotonous line of road could be supposed to find it. The company he falls in with, the tavern scene, and the character of Scotch prudence, naiveté, and intelligence displayed in one of the guests at the innkeeper's table, are subjects of curious and entertaining description. Attention is kept alive throughout—the sketches seem rather histories of facts than creations of the imagination, and they who have travelled much and become acquainted with those scenes will pronounce the verisimilitude to be most striking.

As the young man drew near to the mansion of the Osbaldistones, he thus describes the country he had entered, and never was description more chastely, more faithfully, or more sweetly conveyed.

'I approached my native north, for such I esteemed it, with that enthusiasm which romantic and wild scenery inspires in the lovers of nature. No longer interrupted by the babble of my companion, I could now remark the difference which the country exhibited from that through which I had hitherto travelled. The streams now more properly deserved the name, for, instead of slumbering stagnant among reeds and willows, they brawled along beneath the shade of natural copsewood; were now hurried down declivities, and now purled more leisurely, but still in active motion, through little lonely valleys, which opening on the road from time to time seemed to invite the traveller to explore their recesses. The Cheviots\* rose before me in frowning majesty; not, indeed, with the sublime variety of rock and cliff which characterize

\* A chain of mountains that form a natural boundary between England and Scotland.



mountains of the primary class, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining, by their extent and desolate appearance, an influence upon the imagination, which possessed a character of its own. The abode of my fathers which I was now approaching, was situated in a glen, or narrow valley, which ran up among those hills.'

Advancing towards Osbaldistone-Hall, the seat of his uncle, sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, our pilgrim's attention is arrested by the approach of a pack of hounds, followed by a party, among whom were his cousins, accompanied by a lovely huntress, related to the family, who by that amiable charm which belongs to frankness, converts the bashfulness of her companion Thorncliffe Osbaldistone into a ground of introduction—her name Diana Vernon, an inmate of the family, the daughter of sir Hildebrand's wife's brother.

'From the summit of an eminence, I had already had a distant view of Osbaldistone-Hall, a large and antiquated edifice, peeping out from a Druidical grove of huge oaks; and I was directing my course towards it, as straightly and as speedily as the windings of a very indifferent road would permit, when my horse, tired as he was, pricked up his ears at the enlivening notes of a pack of hounds in full cry, cheered by the occasional bursts of a French horn, which in those days was a constant accompaniment to the chase. I made no doubt that the pack was my uncle's, and drew up my horse with the purpose of suffering the hunters to pass without notice, aware that a hunting field was not the proper scene to introduce myself to a keen sportsman, and determined when they had passed on, to proceed to the mansion-house at my own pace, and there to await the return of the proprietor from his sport. I paused, therefore, on a rising ground, and not unmoved by the sense of interest which that species of sylvan sport is so much calculated to inspire, (although my mind was not at the moment very accessible to impressions of this nature,) I expected with some eagerness the appearance of the huntsmen.

'The fox, hard run, and nearly spent, first made his appearance from the copse which clothed the right-hand side of the valley. His drooping brush, his soiled appearance, and jaded trot, proclaimed his fate impending; and the carrion crow, which hovered over him, already considered poor Reynard as soon to be his prey. He crossed the stream which divides the little valley, and was dragging himself up a ravine on the other side of its wild banks, when the headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack at full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman, and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct; and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. They were tall, stout young men, well mounted, and dressed in green and red, the uniform of a sporting association, formed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone. My cousins! thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was, what is my reception likely to be among these worthy successors of Nimrod? and how improbable is it, that I, knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at ease, or happy, in my uncle's family. A vision that passed me interrupted these reflections.

'It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She

wore what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the riband which bound it. Some very broken ground through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gayety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she past me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a stumble, nor a false step; and if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of "Whoop, dead, dead!" and the corresponding flourish of the French horn, soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen, approached us, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion.

'I see,' she replied,—'I see; but make no noise about it: if Phœbe,' she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, 'had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting.'

'They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me and converse a moment in an under tone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying,—'Well, well, Thornie, if you wont, I must, that's all.—Sir,' she continued, addressing me; 'I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiries at you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard any thing of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone-Hall?'

'I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

'In that case, sir,' she rejoined, 'as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman.'

'There was a mixture of boldness, satire, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon pronounced these words. My knowledge of life was sufficient to enable me to take up a corresponding tone as I expressed my gratitude to her for her condescension, and my extreme pleasure at having met with them. To say the truth, the compliment was so expressed, that the lady might easily appropriate the greater share of it, for Thorncliff seemed an arrant country bumpkin, awkward, shy, and somewhat sulky withal. He shook hands with me, however, and then



intimated his intention of leaving me that he might help the huntsman and his brothers to couple up the hounds, a purpose which he rather communicated by way of information to Miss Vernon than as apology to me.'

A description of the Hall concludes the fourth chapter, and of his reception by sir Hildebrand and his sons opens the next. The characters of a fox-hunting family are well portrayed, and Miss Vernon shows herself to be capable of making a deep impression, though apparently, in her first aspect, a strange bold girl, half coquette, half romp. Rashleigh Osbaldistone is the youth for whom the honours of the London House are in abeyance, and by Miss Vernon's information it appears, that calculating cunning well qualified him for the elevation.

In his rambles about the pleasure grounds, the new comer falls into conversation with the old Scotch gardener, Andrew Fairservice, who, it appears, well read in the history of the family, delivers his opinions with a shrewdness and intelligence quite characteristic of his countrymen. Diana Vernon becomes the subject of it, and from him Frank, with no slight degree of interest withal, extracts the information that she is of the Catholic persuasion and a Jacobite. Here it is necessary to remark that the times\* are supposed to be after James, (rendered obnoxious by his adherence to Papistical bigotry, intolerance, and persecution of the reformed religion) had been obliged to fly, and the revolution of 1688 brought about, when William, Prince of Orange, was invited from Holland to fill the throne of England. The Protestant succession was established, and the maintenance of its religion is now the fundamental principle of the reigning house of Hanover. The family of sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone appears to have been warmly attached to the cause of king James, as indeed the Catholics of those days were, and on that account in the language of the times, to have ranked as Jacobites or adherents of James's party.

The morning following his arrival at the Hall, our hero joins the usual hunting party, and takes his station beside Miss Vernon. Whilst upon the hills, she points out to him the adjacent territory of Scotland, where it is separated from England by the border, at a distance of a few miles, and with an anxiety that portended more than ordinary moment, recommended him to retire, into that country (a circumstance of no unusual occurrence at the period,) where he might be safe from the hands of justice, the laws on the one side then taking no cognizance of acts performed on the other. Francis surprised, eagerly inquires the object of this advice, and to his utter astonishment is informed, that a warrant is out for his apprehension, on suspicion of being concerned in robbing one Morris, a king's messenger, with whom he journeyed on the road down into the north, the bearer it appears of a large sum in cash and bills for the payment of the troops in Scotland. With the confidence that belongs to a conscience void of offence, disdaining the thought of re-

\* The year 1715, when the rebellion in Scotland took place.

treat, he avows his determination to seek and answer to the charge. He repairs instantly from the field to the house of the justice of the peace where, somewhat mysteriously, Rashleigh Osbaldistone presents himself, but departs soon after.

‘There’s no jest whatever,’ said Diana; ‘you are accused of robbing this man, and my uncle believes it as well as I did.’

‘Upon my honour, I am greatly obliged to my friends for their good opinion.’

‘Now do not, if you can help it, snort, and stare, and snuff the wind, and look so exceedingly like a startled horse—There’s no such offence as you suppose—you are not charged with any petty larceny, or vulgar felony—by no means. This fellow was carrying money from government, both specie and bills, to pay the troops in the north; and it is said he has been also robbed of some despatches of great consequence.’

‘And so it is high treason, then, and not simple robbery, of which I am accused?’

‘Certainly; which you know, has been in all ages accounted the crime of a gentleman. You will find plenty in this country, and one not far from your elbow, who think it a merit to distress the Hanoverian government by every means possible.’

‘Neither my politics nor my morals, Miss Vernon, are of a description so accommodating.’

‘I really begin to believe that you are a presbyterian and Hanoverian in good earnest. But what do you propose to do?’

‘Instantly to refute this atrocious calumny. Before whom,’ I asked, ‘was this extraordinary accusation laid?’

‘Before old Squire Inglewood, who had sufficient unwillingness to receive it. He sent tidings to my uncle, I suppose, that he might smuggle you away into Scotland, out of reach of the warrant. But my uncle is sensible that his religion and old predilections render him obnoxious to government, and that, were he caught playing booty, he would be disarmed, and probably dismounted, (which would be the worse evil of the two,) as a jacobite, papist, and suspected person.’

‘I can conceive that, sooner than lose his hunters, he would give up his nephew.’

‘His nephew, niece, sons—daughters, if he had them, and whole generation,’ said Diana; ‘therefore trust not to him, even for a single moment, but make the best of your way before they can serve the warrant.’

‘That I shall certainly do; but it shall be to the house of this Squire Inglewood—which way does it lie?’

‘About five miles off, in the low ground, behind yonder plantations—you may see the tower of the clock-house.’

‘I will be there in a few minutes,’ said I, putting my horse in motion.

‘And I will go with you, and show you the way,’ said Diana, putting her palfrey also to the trot.

‘Do not think of it, Miss Vernon; it is not—permit me the freedom of a friend—it is not proper, scarcely even delicate, in you to go with me upon such an errand as I am now upon.’

‘I understand your meaning,’ said Miss Vernon, a slight blush crossing her haughty brow;—‘it is plainly spoken,’—and after a moment’s pause she added, ‘and I believe kindly meant.’

‘It is indeed, Miss Vernon; can you think me insensible of the inte-



rest you show me, or ungrateful for it?' said I, with even more interest than I could have wished to express. 'Your's is meant for true kindness, shown best at the hour of need. But I must not, for your own sake—for the chance of misconstruction—suffer you to pursue the dictates of your generosity; this is so public an occasion—it is almost like venturing into an open court of justice.'

'And if it were not almost, but altogether, entering into an open court of justice, do you think I would not go there if I thought it right, and wished to protect a friend? You have no one to stand by you—you are a stranger; and here, in the outskirts of the kingdom, country justices do odd things. My uncle has no desire to embroil himself in your affair;—Rashleigh is absent, and were he here, there is no knowing which side he might take;—the rest are all more stupid and brutal one than another. I will go with you, and I do not fear being able to serve you. I am no fine lady, to be terrified to death with law books, hard words, or big wigs.'

'But, my dear Miss Vernon—'

'But, my dear Mr. Francis, be patient and quiet, and let me take my own way; for when I take the bit between my teeth, there is no bridle will stop me.'

'Flattered with the interest so lovely a creature seemed to take in my fate, yet vexed at the ridiculous appearance I should make, by carrying a girl of eighteen along with me as an advocate, and seriously concerned for the misconstruction to which her motives might be exposed, I endeavoured to combat her resolution to accompany me to Squire Inglewood's. The self-will'd girl told me roundly, that my dissuasions were absolutely in vain; that she was a true Vernon whom no consideration, not even that of being able to do but little to assist him, should induce to abandon a friend in distress; and that all I could say on the subject might be very well for pretty, well-educated, well-behaved misses from a town boarding-school, but did not apply to her, who was accustomed to mind nobody's opinion but her own.

'While she spoke thus we were advancing hastily towards Inglewood-Place, while, as if to divert me from the task of farther remonstrance, she drew a ludicrous picture of the magistrate and his clerk. Inglewood was, according to her description, a white-washed jacobite, that is, one who, having been long a non-juror, like most of the other gentlemen of the country, had lately qualified himself to act as a justice, by taking the oaths to government. 'He had done so,' she said, 'in compliance with the urgent request of most of his brother squires, who saw, with regret, that the palladium of sylvan sport, the game-laws, were likely to fall into disuse for want of a magistrate who would enforce them; the nearest acting justice being the Mayor of Newcastle, and he, as being rather inclined to the consumption of the game when properly dressed, than to its preservation when alive, was more partial, of course, to the cause of the poacher than of the sportsman. Resolving, therefore, that it was expedient some one of their number should sacrifice the scruples of jacobitical loyalty to the good of the community, the Northumbrian country gentlemen imposed the duty on Inglewood, who, being very inert in most of his feelings and sentiments, might, they thought, comply with any political creed without much repugnance. Having thus procured the body of justice, they proceeded,' continued Miss Vernon, 'to attach to it a clerk, by way of soul, to direct and animate its movements. Accordingly they got a sharp Newcastle attorney, called Jobson; who, to

vary my metaphor, finds it a good thing enough to retail justice at the sign of Squire Inglewood, and, as his own emoluments depend on the quantity of business which he transacts, he hooks in his principal for a great deal more employment in the justice-line than the honest squire had ever bargained for; so that no apple-wife within the circuit of ten miles can settle her account with a coster-monger without an audience of the reluctant justice and his alert clerk, Mr. Joseph Jobson. But the most ridiculous scenes occur when affairs come before him, like our business of to-day, having any colouring of politics. Mr. Joseph Jobson (for which no doubt, he has his own very sufficient reasons,) is a prodigious zealot for the protestant religion, and a great friend to the present establishment in church and state. Now, his principal, retaining a sort of instinctive attachment to the opinions which he professed openly, until he relaxed his political creed, with the patriotic view of enforcing the law against unauthorized destroyers of blackgame, grouse, partridges, and hares, is peculiarly embarrassed when the zeal of his assistant involves him in judicial proceedings connected with his earlier faith; and instead of seconding his zeal, he seldom fails to oppose to it a double dose of indolence and lack of exertion. And this inactivity does not by any means arise from actual stupidity. On the contrary, for one whose principal delight is in eating and drinking, he is an alert, joyous, and lively old soul, which makes his assumed dulness the more diverting. So you may see Jobson on such occasions, like a bit of a broken-down blood tit condemned to drag an overloaded cart puffing, strutting, and spluttering, to get the justice put in motion, while though the wheels groan, creak, and revolve slowly, the great and prepondering weight of the vehicle fairly frustrates the efforts of the willing quadruped, and prevents its being brought into a state of actual progression. Nay more, the unfortunate poney, I understand, has been heard to complain, that this same car of justice, which he finds it so hard to put in motion on some occasions, can on others run fast enough down hill of its own accord, dragging his reluctant self backwards along with it, when any thing can be done of service to Squire Inglewood's quondam friends. And then Mr. Jobson talks big about reporting his principal to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, if it were not for his particular regard and friendship for Mr. Inglewood and his family.'

'As Miss Vernon concluded this whimsical description, we found ourselves in front of Inglewood-Place, a handsome, though old-fashioned building, which showed the consequence of the family.

'I followed Miss Vernon as she tripped up a few gloomy steps, traversed a twilight passage and entered a sort of anteroom, hung round with old maps, architectural elevations, and genealogical trees. A pair of folding doors opened from this into Mr. Inglewood's sitting apartment, from which was heard the fag-end of an old ditty, chanted by a voice which had been in its day fit for a jolly bottle song.

"O, in Skipton-in-Craven,  
Is never a haven,  
But many a day foul weather;  
And he that would say  
A pretty girl nay,  
I wish for his cravat a tether."—

'Hey day!' said Miss Vernon, 'the genial justice must have dined already,—I did not think it had been so late.'



‘It was even so. Mr. Inglewood’s appetite having been sharpened by his official investigations, he had ante-dated his meridian repast, having dined at twelve instead of one o’clock, then the general dining-hour in England. The various occurrences of the morning occasioned our arriving some time after this hour, to the justice the most important of the four-and-twenty, and he had not neglected the interval. ‘Stay you here,’ said Diana; ‘I know the house, and I will call a servant; your sudden appearance might startle the old gentleman even to choking;’ and she escaped from me, leaving me uncertain whether I ought to advance or retreat. It was impossible for me not to hear some part of what past within the dinner apartment, and particularly several apologies for declining to sing, expressed in a dejected croaking voice, the tones of which I conceived were not entirely new to me. ‘Not sing, sir! by our lady! but you must—What! you have cracked my silver-mounted cocoa-nut of sack, and tell me that you cannot sing!—Sir, sack will make a cat speak and sing too; so up with a merry stave, or trundle yourself out of my doors—Do you think you are to take up all my valuable time with your d—d declarations, and then tell me you cannot sing!’

‘Your worship is perfectly in rule,’ said another voice, which, from its pert conceited accent, might be that of the clerk, ‘and the party must be conformable; he hath *canet* written on his face in court hand.’

‘Up with it, then,’ said the justice, ‘or by St. Christopher, you shall crack the cocoa-nut full of salt and water, according to the statute for such effect made and provided.’

‘Thus exhorted and threatened, my quondam fellow-traveller, for I could no longer doubt that he was the recusant in question, uplifted, with a voice similar to that of a criminal singing his last psalm on the scaffold, a most doleful stave to the following effect:

“ Good people all, I pray give ear,  
A woful story you shall hear,  
’Tis of a robber as stout as ever  
Bade a true man stand and deliver.  
With his foodle doo fa loodle loo.

“ This knave most worthy of a cord,  
Being arm’d with pistol and with sword,  
’Twixt Kensington and Brentford then  
Did boldly stop six honest men.  
With his foodle doo, &c.

“ These honest men did at Brentford dine,  
Having drank each man his pint of wine,  
When this bold thief, with many curses,  
Did say, You dogs, your lives or purses.  
With his foodle doo,” &c.

‘I question if the honest men, whose misfortune is commemorated in this pathetic ditty, were more startled at the appearance of the bold thief, than the songster was at mine; for tired of waiting for some one to announce me, and finding my situation as a listener rather awkward, I presented myself to the company just as my friend Mr. Morris, for such, it seems, was his name, was uplifting the fifth stave of his doleful ballad. The high note, with which the tune started, died away in a quaver of consternation upon finding himself so near one whose character he supposed to be little less suspicious than that of the hero of his ma-

drigal, and he remained silent, with a mouth gaping as if I had brought the Gorgon's head in my hand.

'The justice, whose eyes had closed under the influence of the somniferous lullaby of the song, started up in his chair as it suddenly ceased, and stared with wonder at the unexpected addition which the company had received, while his organs of sight were in abeyance. The clerk, as I conjectured him to be from his appearance, was also commoved, for, sitting opposite to Mr. Morris, that honest gentleman's terror communicated itself to him, though he wotted not why.'

The perversions of law in those as in later periods are happily exemplified in the character of the justice's clerk, one Jobson, a man wresting its chicanery and its quibbles to his own vile purposes, in extortions upon the innocent, and we acquire no favourable impression of its powers in the hands of dangerous men, as interpreted by this unworthy disciple of Blackstone. At the examination, so ingeniously are the circumstances plotted, and occasionally such an aspect of fearful suspense do the proceedings assume, that we seem to tremble for the arraigned, and to feel for innocence unjustly suspected more than probably Francis would himself have felt.

We are tempted to give the examination at large, as it is *unique* of its kind, and, for humour and caricature of his profession may relax the proverbial gravity even of a judge himself.

'I broke the silence of surprise occasioned by my abrupt entrance. 'My name, Mr. Inglewood, is Francis Osbaldistone; I understand that some scoundrel has brought a complaint before you, charging me with being concerned in a loss which he says he has sustained.'

'Sir,' said the justice, somewhat peevishly, 'these are matters I never enter upon after dinner—there is a time for every thing, and a justice of peace must eat as well as other folks.'

'The goodly person of Mr. Inglewood, by the way; seemed by no means to have suffered by any fasts, whether in the service of the law or of religion.'

'I beg pardon for my ill-timed visit, sir; but as my reputation is concerned, and as the dinner appears to be concluded—'

'It is not concluded, sir,' replied the magistrate, 'man requires digestion as well as food, and I protest I cannot have benefit from my victuals, unless I am allowed two hours of quiet leisure, intermixed with harmless mirth, and a moderate circulation of the bottle.'

'If your honour will forgive me,' said Mr. Jobson, who had produced and arranged his writing implements in the brief space that our conversation afforded; 'as this is a case of felony, and the gentleman seems something impatient, the charge is *contra pacem domini regis*'—

'D—n domini regis!' said the impatient justice,—'I hope it's no treason to say so;—but it's enough to make one mad to be worried in this way—have I a moment of my life quiet, for warrants, orders, directions, acts, bails, bonds, and recognisances?—I pronounce to you, Mr. Jobson, that I shall send you and the justiceship to the devil one of these days.'

'Your honour will consider the dignity of the office—one of the quorum and custos rotulorum, an office of which sir Edward Coke wisely saith, The whole christian world hath not the like of it, so it be duly executed.'



‘Well,’ said the justice, partly reconciled by this eulogium on the dignity of his situation, and gulping down the rest of his dissatisfaction in a huge bumper of claret, ‘let us to this gear then, and get rid of it as fast as we can.—Here you, sir,—you, Morris—you, knight of the sorrowful countenance—is this Mr. Francis Osbaldistone the gentleman whom you charge with being art and part of felony?’

‘I, sir?’ replied Morris, whose scattered wits had hardly yet re-assembled themselves—‘I charge nothing—I say nothing against the gentleman.’

‘Then we dismiss your complaint, sir, that’s all, and a good riddance—Push about the bottle—Mr. Osbaldistone, help yourself.’

‘Jobson, however, was determined that Morris should not back out of the scrape so easily. ‘What do you mean, Mr. Morris?—Here is your own declaration—the ink scarce dried—and you would retract it in this scandalous manner!’

‘How do I know,’ whispered the other, in a tremulous tone, ‘how many rogues are in the house to back him—I have read of such things in Johnson’s *Lives of the Highwaymen*.—I protest the door opens’—

‘And it did open, and Diana Vernon entered—‘You keep fine order here, justice—not a servant to be seen or heard.’

‘Ah!’ said the justice, starting up with an alacrity which showed that he was not so engrossed by his devotions to Themis, or Comus, to forget what was due to beauty—‘Ah, ha! Die Vernon, the heath bell of Cheviot, and the blossom of the Border, come to see how the old bachelor keeps house—Art welcome, girl, as flowers in May.’

‘A fine open, hospitable house you do keep, justice, that must be allowed—not a soul to answer a visiter.’

‘Ah! the knaves, they reckoned themselves secure of me for a couple of hours—But why did you not come earlier?—Your cousin Rashleigh dined here, and ran away like a poltroon after the first bottle was out—But you have not dined—we’ll have something nice and lady-like—sweet and pretty, like yourself, tossed up in a trice.’

‘I can’t stay, justice—I came with my cousin, Frank Osbaldistone, there, and I must show him the way back again to the Hall, or he’ll lose himself in the wolds.’

‘Whew! sits the wind in that quarter?’ answered the justice,

“She showed him the way, and she showed him the way,  
She showed him the way to woo.”

‘What! no luck for old fellows, then, my sweet bud of the wilderness?’

‘None whatever, squire Inglewood; but if you will be a good kind justice, and despatch young Frank’s business, and let us canter home again, I’ll bring my uncle to dine with you next week, and we’ll expect merry doings.’

‘And you shall find them, my pearl of Tyne—Zookers, lass, I never envy these young fellows their rides and scampers, unless when you come across me. But I must not keep you just now, I suppose? I am quite satisfied with Mr. Francis Osbaldistone’s explanation—here has been some mistake, which can be cleared at greater leisure.’

‘Pardon me, sir,’ said I, ‘but I have not heard the nature of the accusation yet.’

‘Yes sir,’ said the clerk, who, at the appearance of Miss Vernon, had given up the matter in despair, but who picked up courage to press

farther investigation, on finding himself supported from a quarter whence assuredly he expected no backing—‘Yes, sir, and Dalton saith, That he who is apprehended as a felon shall not be discharged upon any man’s discretion, but shall be held either to bail or commitment, paying the clerk of the peace the usual fees for recognisance or commitment.’

‘The justice, thus goaded on, gave me at length a few words of explanation.

‘It seems the tricks which I had played to this man, Morris, had made a strong impression on his imagination; for I found they had been arrayed against me in his evidence, with all the exaggeration which a timorous and heated imagination could suggest. It appeared also, that, on the day he parted from me, he had been stopped on a solitary spot, and eased of his beloved travelling-companion, the portmanteau, by two men, well mounted and armed, having their faces covered with vizards.

‘One of them, he conceived, had much of my shape and air, and in a whispering conversation which took place betwixt the free-booters, he heard the other apply to him the name of Osbaldistone. The declaration farther set forth, that, upon inquiring into the principles of the family so named, he, the said declarant, was informed, that they were of the worst description, the family, in all its members, having been papists and jacobites, as he was given to understand by the dissenting clergyman at whose house he stopped after his rencontre, since the days of William the Conqueror.

‘Upon all, and each of these weighty reasons, he charged me with being accessory to the felony committed upon his person; he, the said declarant then travelling in the special employment of government, and having charge of certain important papers, and also a large sum in specie, to be paid over, according to his instructions, to certain persons of official trust and dignity in Scotland.

‘Having heard this extraordinary accusation, I replied to it, that the circumstances on which it was founded were such as could warrant no justice, or magistrate, in any attempt on my personal liberty. I admitted that I had practised a little upon the terrors of Mr. Morris, while we travelled together, but in such trifling particulars as could have excited apprehension in no one who was one whit less timorous and jealous than himself. But I added, that I had never seen him since we parted, and if that which he feared had really come upon him, I was in no ways accessory to an action so unworthy of my character and station in life. That one of the robbers was called Osbaldistone, or that such a name was mentioned in the course of the conversation betwixt them, was a trifling circumstance, to which no weight was due. And concerning the disaffection alleged against me, I was willing to prove to the satisfaction of the justice, the clerk, and even the witness himself, that I was of the same persuasion as his friend the dissenting clergyman; had been educated as a good subject upon the principles of the Revolution, and as such now demanded the personal protection of the laws which had been assured by that great event.

‘The justice fidgetted, took snuff, and seemed considerably embarrassed, while Mr. Attorney Jobson, with all the volubility of his profession, ran over the statute of the 34. Edward III., by which justices of the peace are allowed to arrest all those whom they find by indictment or suspicion, and to put them into prison. The rogue even turned my own admissions against me, alleging, that since I had confessedly, upon



my own showing, assumed the bearing or deportment of a robber or malefactor, I had voluntarily subjected myself to the suspicions of which I complained, and brought myself within the compass of the act, having wilfully clothed my conduct with all the colour and livery of guilt.

‘I combatted both his arguments and his jargon with much indignation and scorn, and observed, ‘that I should, if necessary, produce the bail of my relations, which I conceived could not be refused, without subjecting the magistrate in a misdemeanour.’

‘Pardon me, my good sir,—pardon me,’ said the insatiable clerk, ‘this is a case in which neither bail nor mainprize can be received, the felon who is liable to be committed on heavy grounds of suspicion, not being replevisable under the statute of the 3d of king Edward, there being in that act an express exception of such as be charged of commandment, or force, and aid of felony done;’ and he hinted, that his worship would do well to remember that such were no way replevisable by common writ, nor without writ.

‘At this period of the conversation a servant entered, and delivered a letter to Mr. Jobson. He had no sooner run it hastily over, than he exclaimed, with the air of one who wished to appear much vexed at the interruption, and felt the consequence attached to a man of multifarious avocations—‘Good God!—why, at this rate I shall have neither time to attend to the public concerns nor my own—no rest—no quiet—I wish to Heaven another gentleman in our line would settle here!’

‘God forbid!’ said the justice, in a tone of *sotto-voce* deprecation; ‘some of us have enough of one of the tribe.’

‘This is a matter of life and death, if your worship pleases.’

‘In God’s name! no more justice business, I hope,’ said the alarmed magistrate.

‘No—no,’ replied Mr. Jobson, very consequentially; ‘old Gaffer Rutledge of Grime’s-hill, is subpœna’d for the next world; he has sent an express for Dr. Killdown to put in bail—another for me to arrange his worldly affairs.’

‘Away with you, then,’ said Mr. Inglewood hastily; ‘his may not be a replevisable case under the statute, you know, or Mr. Justice Death may not like the doctor for a *main pernor*, or bailsmen.’

‘And yet,’ said Jobson, lingering as he moved towards the door, ‘if my presence here be necessary—I could make out the warrant for committal in a moment, and the constable is below—And you have heard,’ he said, lowering his voice, ‘Mr. Rashleigh’s opinion’—the rest was lost in whisper.

‘The justice replied aloud, ‘I tell thee no, man, no—we’ll do nought till thou return, man, ’tis but a four-mile ride—Come, push bottle, Mr. Morris—Don’t be cast down, Mr. Osbaldistone—And you, my rose of the wilderness—one cup of claret to refresh the bloom of your cheeks.’

‘Diana started, as if from a reverie, in which she appeared to have been plunged while he held this discussion. ‘No, justice, I should be afraid of transferring the bloom to a part of my face where it would show to little advantage. But I will pledge you in a cooler beverage;’ and, filling a glass with water, she drank it hastily, while her hurried manner belied her assumed gayety.

‘I had not much leisure to make remarks upon her demeanour, however, being full of vexation at the interference of fresh obstacles to an instant examination of the disgraceful and impertinent charge which was brought against me. But there was no moving the justice to take the

matter up in absence of his clerk, an incident which gave him apparently as much pleasure as a holiday to a schoolboy. He persisted in his endeavours to inspire jollity into a company, the individuals of which, whether considered with reference to each other, or to their respective situations, were by no means inclined to mirth. 'Come, master Morris, you're not the first man that's been robbed, I trow—grieving ne'er brought back lost, man.—And you, Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, are not the first bully-boy that has said stand to a true man. There was Jack Winterfield, in my young days, kept the best company in the land—at horse-races and cockfights who but he—hand and glove was I with Jack.—Push bottle, Mr. Morris, it's dry talking—many quart bumpers have I cracked, and thrown many a merry main with poor Jack—good family—ready wit—quick eye—as honest a fellow, barring the deed he died for—we'll drink to his memory, gentlemen—Poor Jack Winterfield—And since we talk of him, and of these sort of things, and since that d—d clerk of mine has taken his gibberish elsewhere, and since we're snug among ourselves, Mr. Osbaldistone, if you will have my best advice, I would take up this matter—the law's hard—very severe—hanged poor Jack Winterfield at York, despite family connexions and great interest—all for easing a fat west country grazier of the price of a few beasts—Now, here is honest Mr. Morris has been frightened, and so forth—D—n it, man, let the poor fellow have back his portmanteau, and end the frolic at once.'

'Morris's eyes brightened up at this suggestion, and he began to hesitate forth an assurance that he thirsted for no man's blood, when I cut the proposed accommodation short, by resenting the justice's suggestion as an insult, that went directly to suppose me guilty of the very crime, which I had come to his house with the express intention of disavowing. We were in this awkward predicament, when a servant, opening the door, announced a strange gentleman to wait upon his honour; and the party whom he thus described entered the room without further ceremony.

'A stranger!' echoed the justice—'not upon business I trust, for I'll be'——

'His protestation was cut short by the answer of the man himself. 'My business is of a nature somewhat onerous and particular,' said my acquaintance Mr. Campbell—for it was he, the very Scotchman whom I had seen at Northallerton—'and I must solicit your honour to give instant and heedful consideration to it.—I believe, Mr. Morris,' he added, fixing his eye on that person with a look of peculiar firmness and almost ferocity—'I believe ye ken brawly what I am—I believe ye cannot have forgotten what passed at our last meeting on the road.' Morris's jaw dropped—his countenance became the colour of tallow—his teeth chattered, and he gave visible signs of the utmost consternation.—'Take heart of grace, man,' said Campbell, 'and dinna sit clattering your jaws there like a pair of castanets. I think there can be nae difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice, that ye have seen me of yore, and ken me to be a cavalier of fortune, and a man of honour. Ye ken fu' weel ye will be some time resident in my vicinity, when I may have the power, as I will possess the inclination, to do ye as good a turn.'

'Sir—sir—I believe you to be a man of honour, and, as you say a man of fortune.—Yes, Mr. Inglewood,' he added, clearing his voice, 'I really believe this gentleman to be so.'

'And what's this gentleman's commands with me?' said the justice,



somewhat peevishly. 'One man introduces another, like the rhymes in the 'house that Jack built,' and I get company without either peace or conversation!'

'Both shall be yours, sir,' answered Campbell, 'in a brief period of time. I come to release your mind from a piece of troublesome duty, not to make increment to it.'

'Body o' me! then you are welcome as ever Scot was to England; but get on man, let's hear what you have got to say at once.'

'I presume this gentleman,' continued the North Briton, 'told you there was a person of the name of Campbell with him, when he had the mischance to lose his valise?'

'He has not mentioned such a name, from beginning to end of the matter,' said the justice.

'Ah! I conceive—I conceive,' replied Mr. Campbell; 'ye were kindly afeared of committing a stranger into collision with the judicial forms of the country; but as I understand my evidence is necessary to the compurgation of an honest gentleman here, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, wha has been most unjustly suspected, I will dispense with the precaution—Ye will, therefore, please tell Mr. Justice Inglewood, whether we did not travel several miles together on the road, in consequence of your own anxious request and suggestion, reiterated ance and again, baith on the evening that we were at Northallerton, and there declined by me, but afterwards accepted, when I overtook ye on the road near Cloberry Allers, and was prevailed on by you to resign my ain intentions of proceeding to Rothbury; and, for my misfortune, to accompany you on your proposed route.'

'It's a melancholy truth,' answered Morris, holding down his head, as he gave this general assent to the long and leading question which Campbell put to him, and to which he assented with rueful docility.

'And I presume you can also asseverate to his worship, that no man is better qualified than I am to bear testimony in this case, seeing that I was by you, and near you, constantly during the whole occurrence?'

'No man better qualified, certainly,' said Morris, with a deep and embarrassed sigh.

'And why the devil did you not assist him then,' said the justice, 'since, by Mr. Morris's account, there were but two robbers; so you were two to two, and you are both stout, likely men?'

'Sir, if it please your worship,' said Campbell, 'I have been all my life a man of peace and quietness, no ways given to broils or batteries. Mr. Morris, who belongs, as I understand, or hath belonged, to his Majesty's army, might have used his pleasure in resistance, he travelling, as I understand, with a great charge of treasure; but for me, who had but my own small peculiar to defend, and who am a man of a pacific occupation, I was unwilling to commit myself to hazard in the matter.'

'I looked at Campbell as he uttered these words, and never recollect to have seen a more singular contrast than that between the strong daring sternness expressed in his harsh features, and the air of composed meekness and simplicity which his language assumed. There was even a slight ironical smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, which seemed, involuntarily as it were, to intimate his disdain of the quiet and peaceful character which he thought proper to assume, and which led me to entertain strange suspicions that his concern in the violence done to Morris had been something very different from that of a fellow-sufferer, or even of a mere spectator.'

‘Perhaps some such suspicions crossed the Justice’s mind at the moment, for he exclaimed, as if by way of ejaculation, ‘Body o’ me! but this is a strange story.’

‘The North Briton seemed to guess at what was passing in his mind; for he went on, with a change of manner and tone, dismissing from his countenance some part of the hypocritical affectation of humility which had made him obnoxious to suspicion, and saying, with a more frank and unconstrained air, ‘To say the truth, I am just ane o’ these canny folks who care not to fight, but when they hae gotten something to fight for, which did not chance to be my predicament when I fell in wi’ these loons. But, that your worship may know that I am a person of good fame and character, please to cast your eye over that billet.’

‘Mr. Inglewood took the paper from his hand, and read half aloud, ‘These are to certify, that the bearer, Robert Campbell of ——’ ‘Of some place which I cannot pronounce,’ interjected the justice,—‘is a person of good lineage, and peaceable demeanour, travelling towards England on his own proper affairs, &c. &c. &c. Given under our hand, at our Castle of Inver—Invera—rara—ARGYLE.’

‘A slight testimonial, sir, which I thought fit to impetrate from that worthy nobleman, (here he raised his hand to his head, as if to touch his hat,) Mac Callummore.’

‘Mac Callum, who, sir?’ said the Justice.

‘Whom the Southern call the Duke of Argyle.’

‘I know the Duke of Argyle very well to be a nobleman of great worth and distinction, and a true lover of his country. I was one of those that stood by him in 1714, when he unhorsed the Duke of Marlborough out of his command. I wish we had more noblemen like him. He was an honest Tory in those days, and hand and glove with Ormond. And he has acceded to the present government, as I have done myself, for the peace and quiet of his country; for I cannot presume that great man to have been actuated, as violent folks pretend, with the fear of losing his places and regiment. His testimonial, as you call it, Mr. Campbell, is perfectly satisfactory; and now what have you got to say about the robbery?’

‘Briefly this, if it please your worship, that Mr. Morris might as weel charge it against the babe yet to be born, or against myself even, as against this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldistone; for I am not only free to depone that the person for whom he took him was a shorter man, and a thicker man, but also, for I chanced to obtain a glisk of his visage, as his fause-face slipped aside, that he was a man of other features and complexion than those of this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldistone. And I believe,’ he added, turning round with a natural, yet somewhat sterner air, to Mr. Morris, ‘that the gentleman will allow I had better opportunity to take cognizance wha were present on that occasion than he, being, I believe, much the cooler o’ the twa.’

‘I agree to it, sir—I agree to it perfectly,’ said Morris, shrinking back, as Campbell moved his chair towards him to fortify his appeal—‘And I incline, sir,’ he added, addressing Mr. Inglewood, ‘to retract my information as to Mr. Osbaldistone; and I request, sir, you will permit him, sir, to go about his business, and me about mine also; your worship may have business to settle with Mr. Campbell, and I am rather in haste to be gone.’

‘Then, there go the declarations,’ said the Justice, throwing them into the fire—‘And now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Osbaldistone—And you, Mr. Morris, are set quite at your ease.’



‘Ay,’ said Campbell, eyeing Morris as he assented with a rueful grin to the Justice’s observations, ‘much like the ease of a toad under a pair of harrows—But fear nothing, Mr. Morris; you and I maun leave the house thegither. I will see you safe—I hope you will not doubt my honour when I say sae—to the next highway, and then we part company; and if we do not meet as friends in Scotland, it will be your ain fault.’

‘With such a lingering look of terror as the condemned criminal throws, when he is informed that the cart awaits him, Morris arose: but when on his legs appeared to hesitate. ‘I tell thee, man, fear nothing,’ reiterated Campbell; ‘I will keep my word with you—Why, thou sheep’s-heart, how do ye ken but we may can pick up some speerings of your valise, if ye will be amenable to good counsel?—Our horses are ready—Bid the Justice fareweel, man, and show your southern breeding.’

‘Morris, thus exhorted and encouraged, took his leave, under the escort of Mr. Campbell; but, apparently, new scruples and terrors had struck him before they left the house, for I heard Campbell reiterating assurances of safety and protection as they left the anti-room—‘By the soul of my body, man, thou’rt safe as in thy father’s kail-yard—Zounds! that a chield wi’ sic a black beard, should hae nae mair heart than a hen-partidge—Come on wi’ you, like a frank fallow, anes and for aye.’

‘The voice died away, and the subsequent trampling of their horses announced to us that they had left the mansion of Justice Inglewood.

‘The joy which that worthy magistrate received at this easy conclusion of a matter which threatened him with some trouble in his judicial capacity, was somewhat damped by reflection on what his clerk’s views of the transaction might be at his return. ‘Now, I shall have Jobson on my shoulders, about these d—d papers—I doubt I should not have destroyed them after all—But hang it, it is only paying his fees, and that will make all smooth—And now, Miss Die Vernon, though I have liberated all the others, I intend to sign a writ for committing you to the custody of Mother Blakes, my old house-keeper, for the evening, and we will send for my neighbour, Mrs. Musgrave, and the Miss Dawkins, and your cousins, and have old Cobs the fiddler, and be as merry as the maids; and Frank Osbaldistone and I will have a carouse that will make us fit company for you in half an hour.’

‘Thanks, most worshipful,’ returned Miss Vernon; ‘but, as matters stand, we must return instantly to Osbaldistone-Hall, where they do not know what has become of us, and relieve my uncle of his anxiety on my cousin’s account, which is just the same as if one of his own sons were concerned.’

‘I believe it truly,’ said the Justice; ‘for when his eldest son Archie, came to a bad end, in that unlucky affair of Sir John Fenwick’s, old Hildebrand used to hollow out his name as readily as any of the remaining five, and then complain that he could not recollect which of his sons had been hanged. So, pray hasten home, and relieve his paternal solicitude, since go you must.—But, hark thee hither, heath-blossom,’ he said, pulling her towards him by the hand, and in a good-humoured tone of admonition, ‘another time let the law take its course, without putting your pretty finger into her old musty pye, all full of fragments of law-latin—French and dog-latin—And, Die, my beauty, let young fellows show each other the way through the moors, in case you should lose your own road, while you are pointing out theirs, my pretty Will o’ the Wisp.’

‘With this admonition, he saluted and dismissed Miss Vernon, and took an equally kind farewell of me.

‘Thou seems to be a good tight lad, Mr. Frank, and I remember thy father too---he was my play-fellow at school. Hark thee, lad, ride early at night, and don’t swagger with chance passengers on the king’s highway. What, man! all the king’s liege subjects are not bound to understand joking, and it’s ill cracking jests on matters of felony. And here’s poor Die Vernon too---a manner alone and deserted on the face of this wide earth, and left to ride, and run, and scamper at her own silly pleasure. Thou must be careful of Die, or egad, I will turn a young fellow again on the purpose, and fight thee myself, although I must own it would be a great deal of trouble. And now, get ye both gone, and leave me to my pipe of tobacco, and my meditations; for what says the song—

‘The Indian leaf doth briefly burn;  
So doth man’s strength to weakness turn;—  
The fire of youth extinguish’d quite,  
Comes age, like embers, dry and white.  
Think of this as you take tobacco.’

‘I was much pleased with the gleams of sense and feeling which escaped from the Justice through the vapours of sloth and self-indulgence, assured him of my respect to his admonitions, and took a friendly farewell of the honest magistrate and his hospitable mansion.

‘We found the same servant of sir Hildebrand who had taken our horses at our entrance, and who had been directed, as he informed Miss Vernon, by Mr. Rashleigh, to wait and attend upon us home. We rode a little way in silence, for, to say truth, my mind was too much bewildered with the events of the morning to permit me to be the first to break it. At length Miss Vernon exclaimed, as if giving vent to her own reflections, ‘Well, Rashleigh is a man to be feared and wondered at, and all but loved; he does whatever he pleases, and makes all others his puppets—has a player ready to perform every part which he imagines, and an invention and readiness, which supplies expedients for every emergency.’

‘You think, then,’ said I, answering rather to her meaning, than to the express words she made use of, ‘that this Mr. Campbell, whose appearance was so opportune, and who trussed up and carried off my accuser as a falcon trusses a partridge, was an agent of Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone’s?’

‘I do guess as much,’ replied Diana, ‘and shrewdly suspect, moreover, that he would hardly have appeared so very much in the nick of time, if I had not happened to meet Rashleigh in the hall at the justice’s.’

‘In that case, my thanks are chiefly due to you, my fair preserver.’

‘To be sure they are,’ returned Diana; ‘and pray suppose them paid, and accepted with a gracious smile, for I do not care to be troubled with hearing them in good earnest, and am much more likely to yawn than to behave becoming. In short, Mr. Frank, I wished to serve you, and I have fortunately been able to do so, and have only one favour to ask in return, and that is, that you will say no more about it.—But who comes here to meet us, ‘bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste?’ It is the subordinate man of law, I think, no less than Mr. Joseph Jobson.’

‘And Mr. Joseph Jobson it proved to be, in great haste, and as it spee-



dily appeared, in most extreme bad humour. He came up to us, and stopped his horse, as we were about to pass, with a slight salutation.

‘So, sir—so, Miss Vernon—ay—I see well enough how it is—bail put in during my absence, I suppose—I should like to know who drew the recognizance, that’s all. If his worship uses this form of procedure often, I advise him to get another clerk, that’s all, for I shall certainly demit.’

‘Or suppose he get his present clerk stitched to his sleeve, Mr. Jobson,’ said Diana, ‘would not that do as well? And pray how does farmer Rutledge, Mr. Jobson, I hope you found him able to sign, seal, and deliver?’

‘This question seemed greatly to increase the wrath of the man of law. He looked at Miss Vernon with such an air of spite and resentment, as laid me under a strong temptation to knock him off his horse with the butt of my whip, which I only suppressed in consideration of his insignificance.’

‘Farmer Rutledge, ma’am?’ said the clerk, so soon as his indignation permitted him to articulate. ‘Farmer Rutledge is in as handsome enjoyment of his health as you are—it’s all a bam, ma’am—all a bamboozle and a bite, that affair of his illness; and if you did not know as much before, you know it now, ma’am.’

‘La! you there now,’ replied Miss Vernon, with an affectation of extreme and simple wonder, ‘sure you don’t say so, Mr. Jobson?’

‘But I *do* say so, ma’am,’ rejoined the incensed scribe; ‘and moreover I say, that the old miserly clod-breaker called me pettifogger—pettifogger, ma’am—and said I came to hunt for a job, ma’am—which I have no more right to have said to me than any other gentleman of my profession, ma’am—especially as I am clerk to the peace, having and holding said office under *Trigesimo, Septimo, Henrij Octavi, and Primo Gulielmi*—the first of king William, ma’am, of glorious and immortal memory—our immortal deliverer from papists and pretenders, and wooden shoes and warming pans, Miss Vernon.’

‘Sad things, these wooden shoes and warming pans,’ retorted the young lady, who seemed to take pleasure in augmenting his wrath;—‘and it is a comfort you don’t seem to want a warming pan at present, Mr. Jobson. I am afraid Gaffer Rutledge has not confined his incivility to language—Are you sure he did not give you a beating?’

‘Beating, ma’am!—no’—(very shortly)—‘no man alive shall beat me, I promise you, ma’am.’

‘That is according as you happen to merit, sir,’ said I; ‘for your mode of speaking to this young lady is so unbecoming, that if you do not change your tone, I shall think it worth while to chastise you myself.’

‘Chastise, sir! and—me, sir?—Do you know whom you speak to, sir?’

‘Yes, sir,’ I replied; ‘you say yourself you are clerk of peace to the county; and Gaffer Rutledge says you are a pettifogger; and in neither capacity are you entitled to be impertinent to a young lady of fashion.’

‘Miss Vernon laid her hand on my arm, and exclaimed, ‘Come, Mr. Osbaldistone, I will have no assaults and battery on Mr. Jobson. I am not in sufficient charity with him to permit a single touch of your whip—why, he would live on it for a term at least. Besides, you have already hurt his feelings sufficiently—you have called him impertinent.’

'I don't value his language, Miss,' said the clerk, somewhat crest-fallen; 'besides, impertinent is not an actionable word; but pettifogger is slander in the highest degree, and that I will make Gaffer Rutledge know to his cost, and all who maliciously repeat the same to the breach of the public peace, and the taking away of my private good name.'

'Never mind that, Mr. Jobson,' said Miss Vernon; 'you know, where there is nothing, your own law allows that the king himself must lose his rights; and, for the taking away of your good name, I pity the poor fellow who gets it, and wish you joy of losing it with all my heart.'

'Very well, ma'am---good evening, ma'am---I have no more to say---only there are laws against papists, which it would be well for the land were they better executed. There's third and fourth Edward VI., of antiphoners, missalls, grailes, processional, manuals, legends, pies, portuasses, and those that have such trinkets in their possession, Miss Vernon---and there's summoning of papists to take the oaths---and there are popish recusant convicts under the first of his present majesty---ay, and there are penalties for hearing mass. See twenty-third Queen Elizabeth; and third James First, chapter twenty-fifth.---And there are estates to be registered, and deeds and wills to be enrolled, and double taxes to be made, according to the acts in that case made and provided'—

'See the new edition of the Statutes at Large, published under the careful revision of Joseph Jobson, Gent., Clerk of the Peace,' said Miss Vernon.

'Also, and above all,' continued Jobson,---'for I speak to your warning---you, Diana Vernon, spinstress, not being a femme covert; and being a convict popish recusant, are bound to repair to your own dwelling, and that by the nearest way, under penalty of being held felon to the king---and diligently to seek for passage at common ferries, and to tarry there but one ebb and flood; and unless you can have it in such places, to walk every day into the water up to the knees, assaying to pass over.'

'A sort of protestant penance for my catholic errors, I suppose,' said Miss Vernon, laughing. 'Well, I thank you for the information, Mr. Jobson, and will hie me home as fast as I can, and be a better house-keeper in time coming. Good night, my dear Mr. Jobson, thou mirror of clerical courtesy.'

'Good night, ma'am---and remember the law is not to be trifled with.'

'And we rode on our separate ways.'

Happily extricated from the fangs of *qui tam* and *replevin*, Francis returns to Osbaldistone-Hall, lost in conjecture on the events of the day, for the whole wears an appearance of design and mystery which time alone is to unravel. *Chapter X.* opens with a detailed account of the state of the library at the Hall, a room that now became the peculiar resort of Francis, increased perhaps in some degree, from the circumstance of Diana Vernon devoting to its treasures, *nocte dieque*, her late and early hours.

'In the wide pile by others heeded not,  
Hers was one sacred solitary spot,  
Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain,  
For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain.'

'The library at Osbaldistone Hall was a gloomy room, whose antique oaken shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios so dear to the seventeenth century, from which, under favour be it spoken, we



have distilled matter for our quartos and octavos, and which, once more subjected to the alembic, may, should our sons be yet more frivolous than ourselves, be still farther reduced into duodecimos and phamplets. The collection was chiefly of the classics as well foreign as ancient history, and, above all, divinity. It was in wretched order. The priests, who, in succession, had acted as chaplains at the Hall, were, for many years, the only persons who entered its precincts, until Rashleigh's thirst of reading had led him to disturb the venerable spiders, who had muffled the fronts of the presses with their tapestry. His early destination for the church rendered his conduct less absurd in his father's eyes, than if any of his other descendants had betrayed so strange a propensity, and Sir Hildebrand acquiesced in the room's receiving some repairs, so as to fit it for a sitting apartment. Still an air of dilapidation, as obvious as it was uncomfortable, pervaded the large apartment, and announced the neglect, from which the knowledge which its walls contained, had not been able to exempt it. The tattered tapestry, the worm-eaten shelves, the huge and clumsy, yet tottering tables, desks and chairs, the rusty grate, seldom gladdened by either sea-coal or faggots, intimated the contempt of the lords of Osbaldistone-Hall for learning, and the volumes which record its treasures.

'You think this place somewhat disconsolate, I suppose?' said Diana, as I glanced my eye round the forlorn apartment; 'but to me it seems like a little paradise, for I call it my own, and fear no intrusion. Rashleigh was joint proprietor with me, while we were friends.'

'And are you no longer so?' was my natural question. 'We are still *allies*,' she continued, 'bound like other confederate powers, by circumstances of mutual interest, but I am afraid, as will happen in other cases, the treaty of alliance has survived the amicable dispositions in which it had its origin. At any rate, we live less together, and when he comes through that door there, I vanish through this door here; and so, having made the discovery that we two were one too many for this apartment, as large as it seems, Rashleigh, whose occasions frequently call him elsewhere, has generously made a cession of his rights in my favour; so that I now endeavour to prosecute alone the studies in which he used formerly to be my guide.'

'And what are those studies, if I may presume to ask?'

'Science and history are my principal favourites; but I also study poetry and the classics.'

'And the classics! do you read them in the original?'

'Unquestionably. Rashleigh, who is no contemptible scholar, taught me Greek and Latin, as well as most of the languages of modern Europe.'

After this beautiful view of female instruction we have the exterior manners of Rashleigh thus depicted.

'More learned than soundly wise—better acquainted with men's minds than with the moral principles that ought to regulate them, he had still powers of conversation which I have rarely seen equalled, never excelled. Of this his manner implied some consciousness; at least, it appeared to me that he had studied hard to improve his natural advantages of a melodious voice, fluent and happy expression, apt language and fervid imagination. He was never loud, never overbearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts, as to outrun either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeed-

ed each other with the gentle but unintermitting flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbid gush from the sluice of a mill-pond, as hurried and as early exhausted. It was late at night ere I could part from a companion so fascinating; and, when I gained my own apartment, it cost me no small effort to recal to my mind the character of Rashleigh, such as I had pictured him previous to this tête-à-tête. So effectually, my dear Tresham, does the sense of being pleased and amused blunt our faculties of perception and discrimination of character, that I can only compare it to the taste of certain fruits, at once luscious and poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the viands which are subsequently subjected to its criticism.'

The adventures of a visit protracted for many reasons, furnish much to recount. Rashleigh's true character, in the course of it, becomes more and more developed. He had long been endeavouring to acquire an ascendancy over the mind of his fair pupil, for purposes not unusual where prescribed celibacy seems but an incentive to illicit indulgence, till a discovery of his views had aroused her pride and estranged their intercourse. The jealousy that arises out of the visible attachment of Francis to Diana Vernon, and the suspicion on the part of Rashleigh that the tenor of his conduct to her had been represented in the course of their frequent private meetings, fill up the tactical scenes that ensue on each side, the one evidently endeavouring to preserve what countenance he might, though foiled; the other to use the vantage ground he had gained in the affections of the lovely Diana, with that skill and address which should best preserve it.

'Considering, my dear Tresham, how very unpleasant on many accounts a prolonged residence at Osbaldistone-Hall must have been to a young man at my age, and with my habits, it might have seemed very natural that I should have pointed out all these disadvantages to my father, in order to obtain his consent for leaving my uncle's mansion. Nothing, however, is more certain, than that I did not say a single word to this purpose in my letters to my father and Owen. If Osbaldistone-Hall had been Athens in all its pristine glory and learning, and inhabited by sages, heroes and poets, I could not have experienced less inclination to leave it.

'If thou hast any of the salt of youth left in thee, Tresham, thou wilt be at no loss to account for my silence on a topic seemingly so obvious. Miss Vernon's extreme beauty, of which she herself seemed so little conscious,—her romantic and mysterious situation;—the evils to which she was exposed,—the courage with which she seemed to face them,—her manners, more frank than belonged to her sex, yet, as it seemed to me, exceeding in frankness only from the dauntless consciousness of her innocence,—above all, the obvious and flattering distinction which she made in my favour over all other persons, were at once calculated to interest my best feelings, to excite my curiosity, awaken my imagination, and gratify my vanity. I dared not indeed confess to myself the depth of the interest with which Miss Vernon inspired me, or the large share which she occupied in my thoughts: we read together, walked together, rode together, and sate together. The studies which she had



broken off upon her quarrel with Rashleigh, she now resumed under the auspices of a tutor whose views were more sincere, though his capacity was far more limited.

‘In truth, I was by no means qualified to assist her in the prosecution of several profound studies which she had commenced with Rashleigh, and which appeared to me more fitted for a churchman than for a beautiful female. Neither can I conceive with what view he should have engaged Diana in the gloomy maze of the casuistry which schoolmen called philosophy, or in the equally abstruse, though more certain sciences of mathematics and astronomy; unless it were to break down and confound in her mind the difference and distinction between the sexes, and to habituate her to trains of subtle reasoning, by which he might at his own time invest that which was wrong with the colour of that which is right. It was in the same spirit, though in the latter case the evil purpose was more obvious, that the lessons of Rashleigh had encouraged Miss Vernon in setting at naught and despising the forms and ceremonial limits which are drawn round females in modern society. It is true she was sequestered from all female company, and could not learn the usual rules of decorum, either from example or precept. Yet such was her innate modesty, and accurate sense of what was right and wrong, that she would not of herself have adopted the bold uncompromising manner which struck me with so much surprise on our first acquaintance, had she not been led to conceive, that a contempt of ceremony indicted at once superiority of understanding, and the confidence of conscious innocence. Her wily instructor had, no doubt, his own views in levelling those outworks which reserve and caution erect around virtue. But for these, and for his other crimes, he has long since answered at a higher tribunal.

‘Besides the progress which Miss Vernon, whose powerful mind readily adopted every means of information offered to it, had made in more abstract science, I found her no contemptible linguist, and well acquainted both with ancient and modern literature. Were it not that strong talents will often go farthest when they seem to have least assistance, it would be almost incredible to tell the rapidity of Miss Vernon’s progress in knowledge; and it was still more extraordinary, when her stock of mental acquisitions from books was compared with her total ignorance of actual life. It seemed as if she saw and knew every thing, except what passed in the world around her, and I believe it was this very ignorance and simplicity of thinking upon ordinary subjects, so strikingly contrasted with her fund of general knowledge and information, which rendered her conversation so irresistibly fascinating, and rivetted the attention to whatever she said or did; since it was absolutely impossible to anticipate whether her next word or action was to display the most acute perception, or the most profound simplicity. The degree of danger which necessarily attended a youth of my age and keen feelings from remaining in close and constant intimacy with an object so amiable, and so peculiarly interesting, all who remember their own sentiments at my age may easily estimate.’

Never was affection better grounded, better traced through its proper springs, or more exquisitely told, than in this part of the story; and how greatly does it distance in effect, though simple of tale, the sentimental effusions of over-trained hyperbolical rhapsody.

sody, so frequently put by bad writers into the mouths of too sensitive lovers.

In the fourteenth chapter a garden scene occurs, and Andrew Fairservice, the old Scotch gardener, in the broad dialect of his country, again agreeably relieves graver matters in the mind of Francis, by a humorous and satirical allusion to the practice of a certain great house (the house of parliament in England) which it is well known oftentimes entertains minor concerns in serious debate, when they ought to be discussing others far more worthy of their time and consideration. The affair of the robbery of Morris, the king's messenger, it appears by his information, derived from a travelling pedlar (the principal vehicles of intelligence in those early times) had been the subject of their investigation and examination at the bar of the house. As certain persons of the obnoxious party, then in opposition, were believed to be in some degree implicated, the affair had been handled on both sides as a touchstone to ascertain the temper of the members. The duke of Argyle, whose family name is Campbell, and whom the Campbells to the hundredth generation to this day pretend to claim as a common ancestor, is represented in the true colours of family pride, according to the ancient spirit of clanship, as exculpating one Campbell, a supposed accomplice, on the ground that the honour of a Campbell was not to be impeached on the *ipse dixit* of a man contradictory, as the messenger appears to have been, in his evidence, from a cross-examination unusually severe. The Toryism of the Jacobites, or adherents of James, the etymology of which word we trace, for the benefit of such as have forgotten their Latin rudiments, to *Jacobus*, the Latin appellation of James, and the Whiggism of the ministry under king Willie (as he is called, p. 66) struggled in the controversy; and the latter appear not to have possessed sufficient strength, at that period of unconfirmed principles, to establish the charge, which, of course fell to the ground. This Campbell was the same Scot whom Francis, on his journey down to the North, fell in with at the inn upon the road, in company with Morris, and from the circumstance of his being provided with a certificate of good character from the duke of Argyle, and his opportunely appearing as the testimony in favour of Francis, at the examination before the justice, there is every reason to conclude, taking other circumstances into view, that the robbery was in some degree, a political concern of those days, in which the Catholic Jacobites were involved. The shadow of guilt is made to reflect upon Francis by the contrivance of his cousin Rashleigh, evidently privy to the plot, by his equivocal conduct throughout the proceedings; with a view, no doubt, if it should settle on an Osbaldistone, that it might be best met and parried by one whose father was a monied whig of those days, had most interest with the court; or not improbably, as consistent with his known Machiavelian policy, to ruin him, the only obstacle in the road to possession of the rich uncle's fortune.



The wily Rashleigh, it appears, had early commenced his deep laid schemes of iniquity. Francis discovered all his letters to his father to have been intercepted by the artifices of that dangerous character; and in no long time received advice, that, profiting by the absence of the head of the firm on business in Holland, Rashleigh had absconded with a considerable sum intended to take up certain bills at Glasgow. Francis loses no time in repairing to that city, with a view to meet the head clerk, Owen, who was despatched to arrange matters with a Scotch house relative to these affairs, and, with Andrew Fairservice for his guide, who profited by the occasion to elope with a favourite nag of the young squire's in full of debt due, for money lent said squire last races, proceeded with all haste to the place of destination. The description of a Sabbath in Scotland is a most faithful picture, drawn with singular originality and precision. It was Sunday, and whilst engaged in listening to the discourse of the preacher at one of the principal churches, a voice whispered into the ear of Francis to take care of himself, for that his life was in danger, and bids him meet an unknown friend at a sequestered spot adjacent to the city. With this Francis, punctual to the hour appointed, complies, and, after assurance passed of confidence, is led by the mysterious stranger, under a promise of introducing to him a prisoner, from whose lips he is to learn the risk in which he stood, within the confines of the jail of Glasgow. Owen is the tenant of the prison house, whom he was to visit—a melancholy instance of the uncertainty of commercial hopes!

With this concludes the first volume.

To such as have not had an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the events in the history of Scotland before that country became an integral part of the British empire, many of the transactions and allusions in the second volume will seem, without elucidation, somewhat unintelligible, as the tales of one that utters a strange tongue. For the necessary illustration we refer our readers to the 130th and 241st pages of our present volume, where an account, supposed to be written by Walter Scott, is given of Rob Roy Macgregor and some branches of his clan. To these we shall add a very few particulars, in order to supply information where it seems deficient, leaving those who feel curious to pursue farther the details of those times, to Robertson's *History of Scotland*, and Malcolm Laing's work on the same subject. A people singularly primitive and original in their government and manners, as Frank Osbaldistone describes them, have, in the principal features of their character, something common to all tribes in the pastoral state of society, whom luxury and refinement have not enervated, and the nearest idea that furnishes any analogy to that we are contemplating, presents itself in the descriptions of the aborigines of this country. In so far as it tends to show the identity of those habits and principles which mark the early and rude stages of society, the contrast is curious, and not without instruction. Great and wholesome virtues, amid noxious weeds, have

their root even in the most uncultivated soils. The feudal times prevailed to a later period in the Highlands of Scotland than in any other part of the island, by which a spirit of clanship was preserved that tended to unite the inhabitants of those districts under the banners of their respective warrior chiefs. To these an implicit obedience was invariably yielded, and at their summons, all such as were capable of bearing arms were required to assemble, completely equipped and accoutred, with a broadsword, target, dagger, and fire-arms, to the sound of that popular tune, "The gathering of the clans." Each clan was generally composed of kindred, bearing the same name, from the nearest to the remotest degree of affinity, for one clan or tribe rarely intermarried with another, so that an effect resulted in preserving a remarkable distinction of features, to such degree, that a Fraser may, to this day, at first sight, be distinguished from a Munro, a Maclean from a Macdonald, by any one accustomed to the Highland character. He was the greatest chieftain, or laird (to use the modern more peaceful appellation) who could bring the largest number of followers into the field. Heroic ardour, and, on all occasions, unlimited fidelity and devotion to the will of the chief, was to the Highlander of yore, the first law of infancy and the confirmed habit of manhood. This peculiarity the reader will find strongly marked in the character of Dougal, a faithful adherent of the Macgregor, a style applied by Highlanders to their chiefs, in order to convey, by the use of the definite article, an idea of distinction and superiority. The clan Macgregor appears to have been the most daring and persevering in its opposition to the English sway, till long after the union of the two kingdoms, on which account, as well as for a known attachment to the catholic or James's party, it was at one time proscribed. Of late years the British government has wisely adopted the policy of forming these clans into Highland regiments, and incorporating them with the military establishment of the empire; and it is but just to observe that on every occasion they have greatly distinguished themselves, no less by their conduct in the field than by the strictness of their discipline, and the regularity of their deportment. The chiefs have been raised to military dignities and honours, and thus, by gradual measures of substitution, as well as positive enactments, all vestiges of that system have disappeared, in which a dangerous power was permitted to reside in arbitrary hands. Order now reigns throughout the Highland districts, and a most valuable description of troops has been drawn from them in aid of the resources of the realm. The gallant Sir Gregor Macgregor, who acknowledges the same clan as Rob Roy, and whose exertions have been so ably devoted to the great cause of South American independence, is now co-operating, in a like struggle, though on a different theatre, to that which signalized his sires.

Defended by her clans, Scotland, amid all the distractions of her early history, and the later depopulation of her glens, never was conquered. The Romans, who gave to the country the name



of Caledonia, (see Tacitus, de Vitâ Agric.) while they penetrated along the borders of the sea coast, were compelled to relinquish all attempts upon the strong holds and fastnesses into which their opponents retired, and where it was certain destruction to follow.

We have thought it necessary to premise thus much, in order to render the temper and genius of the people upon whom so considerable a portion of attention is bestowed in the course of the second volume, sufficiently familiar to our readers, and shall now resume the thread of the narrative.

With a view to disconcert the machinations of Rashleigh, Francis Osbaldistone is protected by his tutelary genius, Rob Roy, who, at the instance of Diana Vernon, and her concealed father, watches over all his steps, and is by him led into an apartment of the prison where he finds poor old Owen, head clerk of his father's house. Owen, it appears, having a small share in the firm, and therefore liable for its debts, was arrested at the suit of certain correspondents in Glasgow, as soon as the embarrassment was discovered, who insisted upon an immediate deposit of assets to cover their acceptances, and, for want of bail, he was imprisoned. The conductor of this interview was an unknown, but, by his own confession, an extraordinary and dangerous character; accomplishing it, as he said, at no ordinary risk of his own person. He had calculated upon making good his retreat without observation, through the agency of the faithful Dougal, who, coming to Glasgow to seek employment, had procured the situation of turnkey, probably under management in those times, in order to favour the escape of sinning Highlanders. Baillie, or, as we should say, alderman Jarvie, a correspondent, happening to call upon the distressed Owen at an unusually late hour, past 12 on a Sunday night, (religious scruples preventing him from inspecting his leger before) intercepted Rob, and, causing the prison doors to be shut, threatened to deliver him into the hands of justice. Rob, appealing to his kinsman, for such the Baillie turns out to be, (his mother having been a Macgregor) and promising to settle a debt long due from him to the Baillie, succeeds by his artful eloquence and temptations, in persuading the magistrate to allow his departure in the same capacity as he had entered, a voluntary visiter. The power of clan-ship, always great, prevails, and Rob gives important information respecting the embezzled property. The business of the Baillie was to console poor Owen, as well as to investigate the state of affairs, and, in the fulness of a good heart, as far as might be prudent, to afford relief. The detention, it appears, is for want of bail for his appearance, which is speedily supplied by the worthy alderman, whereupon he is released, and enabled to attend to the affairs of the house. The embezzled property in bills is traced to the possession of certain Highland chiefs, and it is determined to avail of the powerful influence of Rob Roy in effecting the recovery of them. With this view, the Baillie, never backward in a good cause, and Francis Osbaldistone set out on horseback for the country of the Macgregors. The road is described, and a Highland tavern scene, where

a fray takes place, in which, as usual, the Highlanders, inflamed with whiskey, are committed against the gentlemen from the southward, for, as the poet says,

“An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,  
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain.”

The interposition of a looker on, who afterwards proves to be Dougal, terminates the affair without any serious consequences, and the party are permitted quietly to take up their abode in the house for the night.

On the following morning a detachment of king's troops enters the tavern in search of Rob Roy and others connected with him, and in the execution of orders to arrest all persons found on the spot, march off the Baillie, Osbaldistone, Andrew Fairservice, his newly appointed groom, and Dougal. The latter is compelled to act as guide to the haunts of the Macgregors, and contrives to lead them purposely into a defile where the detachment is met, dispersed, and captured by a band of Highlanders, among which Helen, Rob Roy's wife, is conspicuous. Whilst captives among the hills, news is brought that Rob himself had been surprised by a party of militia, supposed to have been betrayed by Morris, who fell, by some means, into the hands of the Macgregors, and, according to the vindictive ferocity of those times, when revenge was held honourable, is thrown into a neighbouring lake and drowned. At length Osbaldistone is released, after establishing his innocence, though found in such company, and is suffered to depart, the Baillie being detained, with the commanding officer of the party taken prisoner, as hostages for the security of Rob Roy. On repairing to the nearest post, Osbaldistone finds Rob in custody of a body of cavalry, from which he contrives to escape whilst in the act of crossing a ford on the march, eluding their search by diving down the stream. About this time, Osbaldistone unexpectedly falls in with Diana Vernon, who had been called to accompany her father to the Highlands upon some secret negotiations, and from her hands he receives a packet which Rashleigh had been compelled to give up, containing the property in search of which the perilous adventure had been undertaken. That privacy which the nature of the schemes at that time on foot in Scotland for the restoration of the Stuarts required, imposed the necessity of her limiting her presence to a short interview, and Francis is left to muse upon the extraordinary occurrence of her presence, and unremitting guardianship over his interests; he next seeks the worthy Baillie, who is safe with his kinswoman, Rob's wife; Rob had arrived before him, and the recollection of past misfortunes now merges in the hospitalities of a Highland banquet. The news of the recovery of the assets, is received by the Baillie with all the joy that was to be expected from the interest he had manifested in the search. Next day Rob forwards his friends on their road back to Glasgow, and Frank has the happiness, on his arrival, of meeting his father, who had joined Owen, and succeeded in arranging the affairs of the house to their complete satisfaction. The Baillie



is appointed sole correspondent of Osbaldistone & Co. in reward of his meritorious exertions on their behalf; and the other house, who had justly incensed their former friends by imprisoning Owen, were informed, on being paid the balance of their account, that, with all its numerous contingent advantages, that leaf of their leger was closed for ever! Taking leave of Glasgow, and its worthy magistrate, the travellers now bent their way towards London. The rebellion of 1715 broke about this time, and the Highlanders

“Pour’d like a torrent down upon the vales.”

Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, with his sons, and the principal catholic families in the north of England, joined the standard of revolt. The cause terminated unsuccessfully, as the reader will find in English history, and although the rebel army penetrated into Lancashire, yet that was the *ultimum* of their advance. One of Sir Hildebrand’s sons fell in the struggle, another received a mortal wound, three others died—the one killed in a duel, another from inebriation, and a third by a fall from his horse. Sir Hildebrand himself being taken prisoner, with several leaders of the conspiracy, is lodged in a state prison, where he soon after dies. In his will, Rashleigh had been excluded from all share of inheritance in favour of his other children, with remainder to his nephew, and these being now deceased, the nephew’s title is clear; whereupon Francis goes down to take possession. In this Rashleigh attempts to supplant him, and by stratagem contrives to have issued a warrant for the apprehension of Sir Frederick Vernon, Diana’s father, who had taken refuge at the hall, and of Francis Osbaldistone, for harbouring and concealing a traitor. The warrant is served by the infamous Jobson, but as he and Rashleigh were in the act of conveying away their prisoners, attended by peace officers, Rob Roy with a body of Highlanders, being then in that part of the country, and learning the intentions of Rashleigh, effects a rescue; Rashleigh is shot in the scuffle; and peaceable entry is made by the undisputed heir of Osbaldistone Hall. Diana and her father were conducted safe beyond the reach of enemies by the intrepid Rob, and embark for France, where the fair damsel is placed in a convent; her father dying soon after, she becomes the wife of Frank Osbaldistone.

“I candidly explained,” says Frank, “the state of my affections to my father, who was not a little startled at the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic. But he was very desirous to see me “settled in life,” as he called it; and he was sensible that, in joining him with heart and hand in his commercial labours, I had sacrificed my own inclinations. After a brief hesitation, and several questions asked, and answered to his satisfaction, he broke out with—“I little thought a son of mine should have been Lord of Osbaldistone Manor, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dutiful a daughter cannot but prove a good wife. You have worked at the desk to please me, Frank; it is but fair you should wive to please yourself.”

‘How I sped in my wooing, Will Tresham, I need not tell you. You know, too, how long and happily I lived with Diana. You know how I

lamented her. But you do not—cannot know how much she deserved her husband's sorrow.

‘I have no more of romantic adventure to tell, nor indeed any thing to communicate farther, since the latter incidents of my life are so well known to one who has shared, with the most friendly sympathy, the joys, as well as the sorrows, by which its scenes have been chequered. I often visited Scotland, but never again saw the bold Highlander who had such an influence on the early events of my life. I learned, however, from time to time, that he continued to maintain his ground among the mountains of Loch Lomond, in despite of his powerful enemies, and that he even obtained, to a certain degree, the connivance of government to his self-elected office of Protector of the Lennox, in virtue of which he levied black-mail\* with as much regularity as the proprietors did their ordinary rents. It seemed impossible that his life should have concluded without a violent end. Nevertheless, he died in old age, and by a peaceful death, sometime about the year 1736, and is still remembered in his country as the Robin Hood of Scotland, the dread of the wealthy, but the friend of the poor, and possessed of many qualities, both of head and heart, which would have graced a less equivocal profession than that to which his fate condemned him.

‘Old Andrew Fairservice, whom you may recollect as gardener at Osbaldistone Hall, used to say, that ‘there were many things owre bad for blessing, and owre gude for banning, like Rob Roy.’

We have thought it necessary to detain our readers whilst, in compliance with custom, we traced this rapid outline of the principal events of the narrative, which may serve to elucidate and connect many points that otherwise might appear less clearly in the main: but, in order to form a just idea of the merits of the original, it must be read, and we venture to think time not ill employed in the perusal. The author is a Scotchman, and subjects of Scottish history evidently are his favourites; there is besides, a simplicity, a native originality conveyed in the use of that language in appropriate situations, which greatly assist the effect sought to be produced, yet we must regret in some measure, that he did not consult more a Southern ear; for, independently of his writing with exemplary purity throughout his English style, and his perfect powers in any exigency, without recourse to Scotland, it must be acknowledged that his first volume has charms superior to those of the second, in the estimation of all perhaps excepting those born north of the Tweed. As strangers to the vernacular idiom of Scotland, excepting inasmuch as a love of the works of the inimitable Burns can be said to improve the acquaintance—an idiom now become almost obsolete, we should have more reason to regret this locality of incident and of dialect, were not such the happy versatility of the author's genius, such his faculty of domiciliating even the most foreign and far-fetched allusions, that we are almost as prone to admire him in his rude Highland garb, as in the more

\* *Black-mail* was an arbitrary tax levied by freebooters, until suppressed by legislative interference, being extorted as the price of their own lenity, and under the promise of protecting those who paid it, from the depredations of other plundering parties, from whom they also engaged to recover whatever booty was carried away. See page 131 of this volume, and for a more particular explanation, the glossary.



elegant attire of highly civilized life. On all occasions, he displays man and nature in their diversified shapes, and under every modification, place and circumstance, in characters not the less easily recognized for the wildness, the rusticity, or the urbanity of the situation. The magic of his pen gives interest to scenes the most estranged from us, and strews the uninviting way with flowers.

“Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.”

But he addresses himself more particularly to the understandings and feelings of his countrymen, who alone can enter fully into the peculiar application and force of many of the passages, not only from a more perfect apprehension of their signification, but also of those operations and energies with which the use of them is associated. To supply the defect of a glossary in the original, the publisher has procured one, drawn up by a native of Scotland, resident in this city, which has materially assisted us, on a perusal of the second edition, in unravelling many intricacies which we were exposed to in the first.

What we have had reason most to admire in the author's manner, is the pleasing and natural description of the objects he presents to the reader; for instance, in Frank's interview with his father on his return from Bordeaux, we seem to have a perfect picture of the old gentleman tying up his letters with a piece of red tape, and of Owen no less busy. Again, in the hunting scene, what painter could better have employed contrast than in placing a fair damsel on a jet black hunter, the snow-white foam falling in flakes upon the bright sides of the animal and embossing the bridle? besides a multitude of similar resemblances, for the detail of which we have not space. We ought also to notice among the author's merits his good taste, as well as the solidity and value of his purposes, in choosing to illustrate historical events by their effects upon individual character. It is an agreeable way undoubtedly of letting the reader into the facts of those times, on which indeed the narrative sheds no small light, and probably enticing him to look farther, by winning him, as it were, to the acquaintance. It is on this ground that we estimate the value of the author, as the founder of a new school, far above all those dealers in mere fiction, whose reveries, however dazzling to the imagination,

“—like the baseless fabric of a vision”

leave but an airy and confused impression behind. The ingenuity and fulness with which characters are educed, is another striking feature of the book, from which we cannot withhold our approbation. Every expression of sentiment that is necessary to a perfect developement of views, and of conduct, with their effects, falls into its appointed place with the ease and address of natural existence, and this minute attention to the due exposition of motives and actions, has enabled the author to surmount and reconcile seeming

improbabilities, with which, it must be admitted, some of his circumstances are chargeable.

“ ——— ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.”

Nor is it the least of praise, that there is no part in which a *caveat* can be wanting to the chastest ear, no vestige of impure combinations, such as we find insinuating their meretricious appeals to passion even into the popular pages of Tom Jones, of Pamela, Clarissa, and, not excepting the good Vicar of Wakefield.

We would not be understood however, as lavishing an indiscriminate praise where not entirely deserved, and it is with a guarded qualification of his intended inferences that we receive the aristocratical lessons, scarcely to be mistaken, discoverable in more than one place\*—lessons, adapted no doubt to serve a purpose, and which, though they may not avail to repress discontent and tumult in the country described, at least may harmlessly work the author's way into the notice and patronage of the powers that be.

But we have no objection to all this being placed to the account of patriotism, and should have been disposed to omit the task of animadversion altogether, did not a more weighty consideration appear to claim notice, one which it is to be hoped will not escape the author's observation ere he again appears before the public. His propensity to surprise by unexpected presences, and to produce effect by extraordinary and striking interpositions, have too much of magical appearance, by leaning greatly too far to the unlikely. That Andrew Fairservice, in a good situation by his own account, a Scotchman too, should relinquish it in the manner he did, to follow the fortunes of a young wanderer, without further evidence of secure advantage, is conduct scarcely becoming an apprentice tired of his trade. But we allude more especially to the appearance of Rob Roy, *alias* Campbell, at the justice's before Morris, in robbing whom he was concerned—his subsequent attendance at Glasgow, through the romantic agency of Miss Vernon,—his venturesome entrance into the jail with Francis, when the mention of Owen being there would have sufficed,—the talismanic packet of the young damsel,—Frank's rencontre with Rashleigh at Glasgow, and the presence of Morris just before—hence his participation in Rashleigh's designs,—the interviews or rather glimpses that pass between Frank Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon in the Highlands, and again, the convenient and seasonable presence of Rob with his herd of cattle at the gate of Osbaldistone Hall when Sir Frederick Vernon is in jeopardy: all these, notwithstanding their connexion, design, and bearing may be traced and accounted for, still seem overstrained in application, and not easy to adjust satisfactorily in the mind

Quodcunque ostendas mihi sic incredulus odi.

We do not say that these points are not well cleared up, only it is a perfection in works of this kind when little mental effort is re-

\* Vide chapter xvi. vol. 2. passim.



quired in doing so, and the less doubt that is started, the more graceful and flowing the narrative.

It is with regret that this disposition *ad captandum* is perceived in so distinguished a writer—a recourse to the critical and wonderful in circumstance, by which weak minds are moved. Let any one attentively consider the dialogue between Baillie Jarvie and Rob Roy in Glasgow jail, and he will not fail to remark a forced strain of discourse, the argument bent to exhibit design, instead of flowing naturally and easily from premises; beyond these, a love of the ludicrous is pursued too far in dwelling too long upon the Baillie's suspension in mid-air, while scrambling down the Highland rocks, a theme repeated oftener than fitting to please such as do not take delight in trifles; in fine, as a specimen, nearly the whole of the following extract.

‘Ye’re mad, Rob,’ said the Baillie—‘mad as a March hare,—though wherefore a hare suld be mad at March mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye out o’ the web the weaver craft made. Spinners!—ye’ll spin and wind yourself a bonnie pirn. And this young birkie here, that ye’re hoying and hounding on the shortest road to the gallows and the deevil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, dy’e think, ony mair than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are?—Will *Tityre tu fatule*, as they ca’ it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses, and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a’ roup’d at the Cross, basket-hilts, Andra-Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan and sporrans?’

‘Ten days?’ I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon’s packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvie’s feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, ‘Here’s a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand.’

Making due reservation for objections to some of the features of the plot, and allowance for evident marks of precipitation in the course of the second volume, there are so many passages of exquisite beauty in the first, such just and apposite sentiments throughout, ranging through all walks of life, of business, and of society, that it is not too much to say, no publication of late years supplies equal knowledge of men and manners,—an acquaintance with the world in a few hours, amounting often to the collected experience of years. The forms of society there represented are new to us, though not less necessary to be known and understood. He is no friend to the enlargement of the boundaries of intelligence and civilization, who would deny to observation the full exercise of its powers. Few countries possess so little of value in their internal complexion, in all the little charities of human life, from which

nothing useful can be gleaned. It is the part of wisdom to consult those sources of information which furnish new ideas, extending beyond its own, nor are examples superfluous in reflecting the manners of a country and a people; whilst the mind is agreeably and profitably exercised in separating their good qualities from the blemishes that disfigure them. On these grounds we do not hesitate to recommend the volumes before us.

And now as to the author, hitherto veiled in impenetrable mystery—the rightful claimant of this string of honours,\* one man, and but one is capable of producing such a work, known as the author to but a very few, and that by inference, yet irresistible to the mind of our informant, who is acquainted with the family of that individual. To a Reverend Doctor, once the colleague of the celebrated Blair in the High Church, and his successor in the professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Letters in the University of Edinburgh, the merit properly belongs—his name Greenfield, his present situation that of obscurity. Circumstances of a confidential nature, require that it should be so. The public sympathy would participate warmly in his interests and his feelings—but he is not to be approached, not to be known. The desire of secrecy has led to ingenious devices for having his works attributed to others, particularly to Walter Scott. That Walter Scott furnished most of the poetical fragments interspersed in *Waverley* as in *Rob Roy*, there is strong ground to believe, from the manner so easily

\* To an acknowledgment of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, should have been added the ‘*Tales of my Landlord*.’ The latter, by a politic manœuvre, were brought out by a different publisher, and kept out of view, as part of a system of concealment. Some of the sentiments contained in it might appear too favourable to the cause of the exiled house of Stuart, in the eyes of the ruling interest; or, as is more probable, it was necessary to avoid the too searching beams of public curiosity. A fifth Edinburgh edition of *Waverley* in our possession, contains a curious preface connected with this ambiguity, an extract of which we insert below, as it is in none of the American editions, they having been printed from an edition prior to the *third*, wherein it first appeared.

‘To this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners, the public have been more attentive than the author durst have hoped or expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty in his particular situation, prevent his releasing these gentlemen from suspicion by placing his own name in the title-page; so that, for the present at least, it must remain uncertain whether *Waverley* be the work of a poet or a critic, a lawyer or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs. Heidelberg’s phrase, be “like Cerberus—three gentlemen at once.” The author, as he is unconscious of any thing in the work itself (except perhaps its frivolity) which prevents its finding an acknowledged father, leaves it to the candour of the public to chuse among the many circumstances peculiar to different situations in life, such as may induce him to suppress his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer new to publication, and unwilling to avow a character to which he is unaccustomed; or he may be a hackneyed author, who is ashamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery, as the heroine of old comedy used her mask, to attract the attention of those to whom her face had become too familiar. He may be a man of grave profession, to whom the reputation of being a novel-writer may be prejudicial; or he may be a man of fashion, to whom writing of any kind might appear pedantic. He may be too young to assume the character of an author, or so old as makes it advisable to lay it aside.’



recognized; and that he assisted as far as regards Rob Roy's exploits, and the scite of them, we conclude from the fact of his having been known to be spending some time last summer in that part of the country and collecting such materials. But, if he shared in any degree in the second volume, it is certain that the first is infinitely above Walter Scott's power of attainment.

The term *Wig-wam* occurs in describing the residence of Rob, and in some of his former publications the author alludes to "the plantations," a name by which these States used formerly to be known. Dr. Greenfield visited America some years ago, and his accurate descriptions of sea affairs and seamen, their feelings, together with many other matters likely to fall under his notice in crossing the Atlantic, coincide with this circumstance. To account for such *phenomena* in the sedentary vocation of a literary life in London, which, in all probability, did not escape the scrutiny of the curious, rumour was purposely busied in imputing to a brother of Walter Scott at Quebec, the credit of the real author. This gentleman, though he might participate in the family genius of his distinguished relative, could not possibly be familiar enough with that classical lore, that theological reading, evinced in frequent biblical allusions, and the science of grammatical rules, which an acute observer will discern and trace, as belonging chiefly to those who, like the author, have been engaged in instructing others. It answered but a temporary purpose to direct the current of public opinion into such a channel; for, although paymaster Scott might be supposed to be acquainted with 'the plantations,' and too far removed for importunity on the subject to reach, yet it was manifestly out of all probability that a personage so capable of wielding his pen to sublimer purposes than the posting of a leger, should continue at so remote a distance from his publisher, and persevere in an anonymous character.

Far be it from us to violate the sanctuary of private motives, where one might 'blush to find it fame;' but, in the homage due to his exalted literary attainments, in admiration of transcendent abilities, which we hope long to see exerted in the cause of public instruction, allied as they ever have been on the side of morality, and all the social and charitable affections, Dr. Greenfield must allow us to hail him as the genius of the age, unparalleled in the path he has chosen. Though no longer sensible to the attractions of celebrity, and writing only for support, he has done too much for reputation to allow it any longer to slumber in the taciturnity of rest. As a scholar he adorns our time; as a writer may he contribute to its improvement! He is a man of consummate talents, and evidently of extensive observation; his retired habits of late years have afforded those opportunities of profound reflection, superadded to indefatigable study, which eminently qualified him for the highest rank to whatever walk his genius might determine him.

'Much had he seen, much read, and in th' original perused mankind.'

IT is well known that Rob Roy Macgregor was a real character, that he flourished at the beginning of the last century, and that he died in the year 1740.\* The following anecdote, while it corroborates at the conclusion the authenticity and renown of his prowess, exhibits a gratifying view of that generous feeling, which, honourable to humanity, and relieving the harsher features of civil war, cannot be too much circulated and admired.

‘When the Highlanders upon the morning of the battle of Preston made their memorable attack, a battery of four field pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stewarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stuart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge, and observed an officer of the King’s forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him. The Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust which he caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle’s mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stuart with difficulty prevailed on him to surrender. He took charge of his enemy’s property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Allen Whiteford, of Ballochmyle, in Ayrshire, a man of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the house of Hanover; yet such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the Highland army were executed without mercy, Invernahyle hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit as he went back to the Highlands to raise fresh recruits, when he spent a few days among Colonel Whiteford’s whig friends as pleasantly and good humouredly as if all had been at peace around him. After the battle of Culloden it was Colonel Whiteford’s turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr. Stuart’s pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to express it) appeared ‘marked with the sign of the beast!’ At length Colonel Whiteford went to the Duke of Cumberland. From him also he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request for the present, to a protection for Stuart’s house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the Duke: on which Colonel Whiteford, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his Royal Highness, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The Duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the Colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required with so much earnestness. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn, and cattle, at Invernahyle, from the troops who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call ‘the country of the enemy.’ A small encampment of soldiers was formed on Invernahyle’s property, which they spared while plundering the country around, and searching in every direction for the leaders of the insurrec-

\* See *Memoirs of Rob Roy*, pages 134 and 250 of this volume.



tion, and for Stuart in particular. He was much nearer them than they suspected: for hidden in a cave, (like the Baron of Bradwardine,) he lay for many days within hearing of the sentinels, as they called their watch-word. His food was brought to him by one of his daughters, a child of eight years old, whom Mrs. Stuart was under the necessity of entrusting with this commission, for her own motions and those of all her inmates were closely watched. With ingenuity beyond her years the child used to stray about among the soldiers, who were rather kind to her, and watch the moment when she was unobserved to steal into the thick-et, when she deposited whatever small store of provisions she had in charge, at some marked spot, where her father might find it. Invernahyle supported life for several weeks, by means of these precarious supplies, and as he had been wounded in the battle of Culloden, the hardships which he endured were aggravated by great bodily pain. After the soldiers had removed their quarters he had another remarkable escape. As he now ventured to the house at night and left it in the morning, he was espied during the dawn by a party of the enemy who fired at and pursued him. The fugitive being fortunate enough to escape their search, they returned to the house and charged the family with harbouring one of the proscribed traitors. An old woman had presence of mind enough to maintain that the man they had seen was the shepherd. 'Why did he not stop when we called to him?' said the soldiers. 'He is as deaf, poor man, as a peat-stack,' answered the ready-witted domestic. 'Let him be sent for directly.'—The real shepherd accordingly was brought from the hill, and as there was time to tutor him by the way, he was as deaf when he made his appearance as was necessary to sustain his character. Stuart of Invernahyle was afterwards pardoned under the act of Indemnity. He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, far descended, gallant, courteous and brave, even to chivalry. He had *turned out* in 1715 and 1745, was an active partaker in all the stirring scenes which passed in the Highlands, betwixt these memorable æras, and was remarkable, among other exploits, for having fought a duel with the broad sword with the celebrated Rob Roy Mac Gregor, at the Clachan of Balquidder. He chanced to be in Edinburgh when Paul Jones came into the Firth of Forth, and though then an old man, he was in arms, and exulted (to use his own words) in the prospect of "drawing his claymore once more before he died."

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ART. II.—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge.*  
Vol. I. New Series. Quarto, 448 pages. Printed for Abraham Small.

**I**T is now about nine years since the last volume of this society's transactions was published, and it may reasonably be inquired why the philosophical society of Philadelphia has not thought fit to follow the usual practice of similar societies in Europe, and present to the world an annual volume of their reflections and discoveries.

In the civilized nations of Europe, whose career of improvement commenced a thousand years ago, all the means and incitements to scientific pursuit have been accumulating for ages: population is dense: wealth is widely diffused; and literature, in all its

branches, has long been a profession: profit as well as honour attends success in literary acquirement, and scientific discoveries are sure passports to the best class of European society. The beneficial influence of literary and scientific pursuits on the wants, the comforts, and the pleasures of a community, have been long felt, and are now duly appreciated; so that well educated men, in the present day, embrace the objects to which learned leisure is usually devoted, not merely as an amusement, but as a profession—sure to be estimated and rewarded, in proportion to the talent and industry bestowed in the pursuit.

In the old countries of Europe, agriculture has almost ceased to be the great object of national encouragement, and to be regarded as the main source of national wealth. Commerce and manufactures have absorbed the accumulations of persevering industry, and the ideas of the ancients seem inverted among the modern professors of political economy: the fashion now is, not a system of manufacture and commerce founded upon agriculture, but a system of agriculture founded on, and subordinate to, manufacture and commerce.

For ourselves, we are persuaded, that the most regular, certain, and permanently productive source of national wealth and power is the cultivation of the soil; to which manufacture and commerce ought always to be subordinate—that the most extensive and most stable of all manufactures is the manufacture of grain into bread, of grass into meat, and of wool into clothing—that these give rise to improvements of a permanent nature, which no foreign competition, no change of fashion, can deprive us of—and that we are enabled by this kind of manufacture, to produce and support the greatest number of healthy human beings, capable of enjoying the blessings of life, and of defending the nation and the system that enables them to procure these blessings.

But it is also manifest, that the introduction of the manufacturing system in particular requires so much aid from science in all its branches, that manufactures cannot flourish to any extent where science does not also flourish. The manufacture of which iron is the material in all its complicated varieties, those that depend on pottery, on leather, on gold, silver, copper, tin, antimony, and zinc, those that furnish glass, jewellery, painting, gilding, varnishing, dying, printing, &c. the application of the mechanical powers, the laws of hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics—the steam engine, the mill, the loom, the press, every variety of machinery, all are necessary to the perfection of the manufacturing system, and every improvement bearing upon them is in constant demand, because it tends to save labour, increase consumption, and accumulate profit. In nations thus cultivating manufactures, with incessant competition and enterprise, knowledge of all kinds will be more generally diffused, more ardently pursued, more respected, and better rewarded, than in countries that are merely agricultural. Among such nations, societies for the improvement of science, and for the diffusion of this kind of knowledge will be



more fashionable and more frequent; and philosophical journals will abound, for the purpose of propagating that kind of knowledge by which the luxuries, the comforts, and conveniences called for in each class of civilized society, are furnished more readily, and earned more easily. For this is the necessary effect of superior knowledge of the properties of matter and the laws of physics. And although science may be, and is, desirable for its own sake, as exhibiting more sublime and extensive views of nature than can possibly be enjoyed by the ignorant and uninstructed, it does not fulfil its proper duties, unless it be employed in facilitating or increasing the number of human enjoyments; so that he who possesses it, may live a blessing to those who possess it not.

Hence, there is hardly a great city in Europe which does not boast of its philosophical societies; where the rays of knowledge, that would be otherwise scattered and dissipated, are collected and concentrated; and where the members who compose them are stimulated to exertion by mutual collision and competition. Similar views have given rise to the philosophical society whose memoirs we are about to examine; which promises in the due and regular course of social improvement, to hold its rank among similar institutions, without being disparaged by comparison with any.

To the inquiries why such an interval has taken place since the publication of the last volume, and why its memoirs are not distinguished by some such brilliant discoveries as have marked the progress of science of late years in England and in France—we may answer, that the commencement of white population for this continent can hardly be traced more than two centuries ago; that during two thirds of this time, incessant labour has been necessary for the bare purpose of comfortable subsistence; that our views have hardly extended beyond the demands of agriculture till about twenty years ago; that we are yet a mere agricultural people, depending upon the manufactures of Europe, and cultivating few of our own; that time has not yet furnished the accumulation of wealth which gives rise to literary leisure; that our laws, annulling the usual privileges of primogeniture, render this accumulation still more tardy; that science not being so much needed in a country purely agricultural, will not be so steadily pursued, or so amply rewarded as in a manufacturing community, where no scientific improvement fails of producing a beneficial effect upon the public, because there are so many objects ready to which it can be applied. Hence, it is not to be expected that we can have so many persons here, ardently engaged in scientific pursuits as in Europe, because the motives to the pursuit are fewer, and its recompense, whether in fame or fortune, more precarious. The time, indeed, is at hand, when this state of things will necessarily be reversed; in the mean time, however, let us not expect effects whose causes do not exist.

The present volume of the American Philosophical Society is a very creditable specimen of what our countrymen are capable of

under their present disadvantages; and it will be found decidedly superior in the merit of the communications, to the volumes that have preceded it.

The Introduction, of nineteen pages, is occupied with the rules of the society, lists of officers and members, conditions of the Magellanic and Surplus-Magellanic premium, report of the historical branch of the society, ordinance respecting an observatory, and obituary notices.

The first paper of the volume, the longest, and, as we think, not the least important, is a new edition, in fact, of the paper on the geology of the United States, formerly published in the transactions of this society, by William Maclure, Esq. The subject of geology may be considered as the prevailing and fashionable pursuit among men of science in Europe. Its great importance has begun of late years to be universally felt. The mineral riches of Great-Britain, Germany, France, and Sweden, have constituted so very large a proportion of the national wealth, that the eyes of every body are turned upon this branch of science, both in its amusing theory, and its interesting practice. For what can be a more useful branch of knowledge, than that which enables a man to say, when he first looks at the ground he treads on, what are the substances probably concealed within the bowels of the earth in that district of country, and whether they are probably within the practical reach of human effort?

All geology is founded on the supposition (first suggested by fact) that the various strata composing the crust of our globe, are in every known country found in the same relative situation to each other; so that they rest upon and rest under, and contain within them respectively, the same series of strata, and the same imbedded substances. Many anomalies and exceptions indeed there are; but the general observation is founded on facts so numerous and extensive, that its truth, as a leading feature of the science, seems daily to gain ground. It is the business of a geologist and mineralogist to know these strata, their relations to each other, and their constituent and component parts; to observe and compare the anomalies that present themselves, and ascribe them to their proper causes; and to deduce such general inferences as may lead to useful and practical results. All geologists agree, that the known strata (about sixty in number) are depositions from, or formations under water: superficial volcanic ejections, and alluvia excepted. The two prevailing theories are those ascribed to Werner, the German, and Hutton, the Scotch mineralogist, whose most devoted and industrious scholars and defenders are Dr. Jameson, who supports the opinions of Werner, and Dr. Playfair those of Hutton. These are the Neptunian and Plutonian theories, about which so much is said, and so little understood; neither of which, as we now know, is competent of itself to explain all the phenomena that force themselves on our notice.

The following introductory remarks on some of the uses of geology will be well received by our readers.



‘To specify the many practical advantages arising from the knowledge of the nature and relative positions of the rocks which cover the surface of the earth, would require volumes. Here, it is only proposed to mention a few, which almost every man, during some period of his life, may find the necessity of resorting to.

‘First, from the knowledge of the relative situation of rocks and from an accurate investigation of the usual succession of one species of rocks to another, we are guided in our search for coal, gypsum, salt, limestone, millstones, grindstones, whetstones, &c.; as well as the probable places where to look for all kinds of metallic veins and repositories: for example, coals have not been found under any species of primitive rocks; of course we should not look for them in that class, and if when digging for coal, we should come to the primitive rocks, we should desist. Coals have not been found in any profitable quantities immediately below any considerable bed of limestone, &c. &c. Wolfram accompanies tin in the greatest part of the tin mines; of course the appearance of wolfram is a sign, that most probably tin may be found in the vicinity, &c. Great sums of money have been lost in the United States, and in other countries, by digging for substances among classes of rocks, which have never been found to contain them elsewhere; and of course the probability was against their being found in that class of rocks here.

‘A knowledge of the nature and properties of rocks, and the results of their decomposition, enables us to judge of their hardness, easy or difficult decomposition, their component parts, mode of splitting, &c. by which we judge of their fitness for house buildings, roofing, road making, burning for lime, china or pottery, brick making, glass making, hearths for forges and furnaces, &c. We likewise know, by previous experience, the nature and richness of any metallic ore that may be found, and can calculate from the expense of procuring any ascertained quantity, whether the mine will pay for the working. It is thus we may avoid the losses of digging for species of ore, such as pyrites, that is worth little or nothing; as well as expending money in working a mine that was not rich enough to pay the labour. Much money might be saved by this kind of knowledge, in road making, where it frequently happens that a rock, such as limestone, slate, serpentine, &c. which would not perhaps last three months, is taken in preference to a quartz or hornblende rock, that would wear one or two years. Expense is often incurred by making and burning bricks, that are useless from the clay containing too great a quantity of calcareous matter; or of burning lime when the stone attempted to be burned contains too little of calcareous, and too much of argillaceous or other foreign matter, which prevents it being reduced to quicklime; all which, the proper application of a small quantity of acid might prevent.

‘It may be objected, that there are professional men who will give advice on these subjects, on better terms than we can acquire ourselves the necessary knowledge; but it is sometimes the case with all kinds of counsellors, that they are more interested in the profits of the process, than in the profits of the result: and when it is considered, that less than half the time necessary to give a smattering of any of the dead languages at our academies, would be more than sufficient to give our youth a complete knowledge of the common and useful applications of earths and rocks, we may reasonably hope that ere long some portion of time will be appropriated in our colleges and universities, to studies of undisputed utility; and that a knowledge of substances, their

properties and their uses, will be permitted in some degree to encroach on the study of mere words. The time seems fast approaching when what is called learning, will not in all cases be deemed, as it has been in too many, synonymous with knowledge.'

Mr. Maclure, after some general remarks, on the method of pursuing geological studies, proceeds to examine the rocks as they are found arranged in the United States, adopting the following Wernerian division and nomenclature of rocks.

*'CLASS I.—Primitive Rocks.*

COLOURED ON THE MAP,—SIENNA BROWN.

- |                         |                             |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Granite,             | 8. Porphyry,                |
| 2. Gneiss,              | 9. Sienite,                 |
| 3. Mica Slate,          | 10. Topaz-rock,             |
| 4. Clay Slate,          | 11. Quartz-rock,            |
| 5. Primitive Limestone, | 12. Primitive Flinty-slate, |
| 6. Primitive Trap,      | 13. Primitive Gypsum,       |
| 7. Serpentine,          | 14. White-Stone.            |

*'CLASS II.—Transition Rocks.*

CARMINE.

- |                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Transition Limestone, | 4. Transition Flinty-Slate, |
| 2. Transition Trap,      | 5. Transition Gypsum.       |
| 3. Grey Wacke,           |                             |

*'CLASS III.—Flötz or Secondary Rocks.*

LIGHT BLUE.

- |   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| (dark blue) 1. Old Red Sandstone, or 1st Sandstone Formation, | 6. 2d Flötz-limestone,           |
| 2. First or Oldest Flötz-limestone,                           | 7. 3d Flötz-sandstone,           |
| 3. First or Oldest Flötz-gypsum,                              | 8. Rock-salt Formation,          |
| 4. 2d or Variegated Sandstone,                                | 9. Chalk Formation,              |
| 5. 2d Flötz-gypsum,   | 10. Flötz-trap Formation,        |
|   | 11. Independent Coal Formation,  |
|   | 12. Newest Flötz-trap Formation. |

*'CLASS IV.—Alluvial Rocks.*

YELLOW.

- |                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Peat,            | 5. Nagel-fluh,  |
| 2. Sand and Gravel, | 6. Calc-tuff,   |
| 3. Loam,            | 7. Calc-sinter. |
| 4. Bog Iron-ore,    |                 |

GREEN.

*'All the rock salt and gypsum hitherto found in the United States, has been traced westward of this line.'*

It is evident that these colours refer to the accompanying geological map of the United States, which presents a most useful outline of the subject.

Many objections might be made to this Wernerian classification. For instance, porphyry is not so extensive a stratum as to hold rank, in this respect with granite, gneiss, or the other preceding rocks. Topaz rock is a trifling bed of primitive, accidentally containing topazes, that has not been traced, except in a confined



district of Saxony. Primitive flinty slate is not a regular stratum, but a rock found partially in primitive clay slate. Primitive gypsum is a substance by no means universally found; indeed its very existence has been doubted. As to the white stone, (the weiss stein of the German, and eurite of the French mineralogists) it is doubtful whether it be more than a gneiss of white appearance from the feldspar and the mica being of this colour. It is also a quere whether it has been observed in the United States at all. The flætz trap rocks of Werner, the volcanic and basaltic rocks, and the series of strata from the newest flætz limestone through the chalk formation upward, which are found in England, France, and some other parts of Europe, appear either to be wanting, or not yet accurately observed in the United States. Nor has any series of observation yet enabled us to identify strata by characteristic organic remains, as Smith, Townsend, Jameson, and Cuvier have been endeavouring to do in England and France. Indeed, the science of geology is, in the United States, a perfectly new one; nor is there extant any treatise or memoir on the subject, that contains the twentieth part of the information which the reader will find in this memoir of Mr. Maclure. It is singular, however, that we have no accurate account of any portion of the European continent of equal extent with that which Mr. Maclure describes from actual observation: nor is there any part of Europe of equal extent where the rocks lie so regularly, or where the Wernerian classification can be so well illustrated as on this continent of America. Mr. Maclure has visited and described an extent of country from actual survey, from Boston to Georgia, and has marked, far better than we could expect from any single observer, the lines that divide the primitive, transition, and secondary formations, including also the southeast boundary of the rock salt. When it is known that Mr. Maclure has travelled over all Europe as a geologist, and has dedicated twenty years of his life to this study, the great importance of this memoir will be readily perceived. It is illustrated by two very interesting coloured maps, comprising the great and leading geological features of the country described. This memoir is a present worthy of a man of science to make to his country. It is hoped that persons in authority will use their endeavours to procure a geological survey of every state, by districts; so that we may form some rational conjecture of the mineralogical riches which we possess within the bowels of the earth, and acquire some efficient means of getting at them.

The next paper, *Astronomical Observations*, &c. transmitted by Andrew Ellicot, Esq., is not of a nature to admit of any abridgment, interesting to our readers.

No. 3. *Abstract of Calculations to ascertain the Longitude of the Capitol in the City Washington*, by William Lambert. This question has been determined by Mr. Lambert, by means of observations on occultations and solar eclipses. The mean result of the calculations gives the distance of the Capitol from Greenwich observatory, near London,  $76^{\circ} 55' 30'' 31$ , equal to  $5h 7' 42'' .02$  in time.

No. 4. *Investigation of the Figure of the Earth, and of the Gravity in different Latitudes*, by Robert Audrain. The principle upon which the author proceeds will be understood from the following extracts.

‘Now it has been demonstrated, on the principles of hydrostatics, by several eminent mathematicians, and particularly by Clairaut in his treatise on the figure of the earth, and by La Place in his *Mecanique Celeste*, that the augmentation of gravity in proceeding from the equator to the pole is as the square of the sine of the latitude; supposing the centrifugal force arising from the rotation of the earth on its axis to be very small in comparison to the gravity, that the several elliptical strata of the earth vary in density and ellipticity according to any function of the distance from the centre, and that the superficial parts of the earth are fluid, so as to obey the compound gravity, or the joint action of the attraction, and the centrifugal force. And, as the length of the simple pendulum vibrating in a second, or in any given time, is directly as the gravity, therefore the length of the pendulum follows the same law with the gravity, in passing from the equator to the pole, and the preceding table may be considered as a table of the observed gravities in different latitudes.

‘Let  $x$  be the unknown length of the pendulum vibrating seconds at the equator,  $y$  an unknown but fixed co-efficient,  $\lambda$  any latitude, and  $r$  the length of the pendulum in latitude  $\lambda$ ; then, agreeably to the law of gravity just stated, we have the following equation:

$$r = x + y \sin^2 \lambda,$$

in which when  $x$  and  $y$  are found, we shall have the value of  $r$ , or the measure of gravity in every latitude. But it is certain that whatever constant numbers we substitute for  $x$  and  $y$ , we cannot deduce such values for  $r$  as are exactly coincident with those given in the foregoing table according to observation: though the discrepancies are not considerable, and may justly be ascribed to the inevitable errors of experiment, in conjunction, perhaps, with a small deviation in the constitution of the earth, from the conditions that have been specified as the basis of the forementioned physical investigations of Clairaut and La Place.

‘Since, therefore, it is impossible to reconcile completely the physical theory with the observations; all that can be done is to determine such values for  $x$  and  $y$  as will cause the formula  $x + y \sin^2 \lambda$  to accord best with the numbers in the table. This is effected by a rule published by the writer of this article in the *Analyst*, in 1808, and which applied to the present research requires us to discover such values for  $x$  and  $y$  as will render the sum of the squares of the differences between the several numbers of the table and the corresponding values of  $x + y \sin^2 \lambda$  the least possible.’

No. 5. *Memoir on Leaden Cartridges*, by William Jones. This is a proposal to substitute cartridges of thin sheet lead instead of paper, on the grounds of more security in handling and firing the the cartridges made of lead than those of paper, and also because less moisture will be imbibed, and the powder better preserved. There are strong marks of practical good sense in this paper, and the proposal seems worthy the attention of those who direct our military and naval armaments.



No. 6. *Tables of the Altitudes of Mountains in the States of New-York, New-Hampshire, and Vermont: calculated from Barometrical and Thermometrical Observations*, by A. Partridge, Captain of the Corps of Engineers. No particulars are given of the instruments used, or the means employed; or whether the precaution and corrections of Sr. Geo. Schuckburgh and general Le Roy were attended to: but we presume from captain Partridge's situation and character, that none of these were neglected. Barometrical observations should be checked by the thermometrical observations on the temperature of boiling water. Whether the thermometrical observations here alluded to, were of this nature we know not from any information supplied in the present memoir, which is in these respects unsatisfactory.

No. 7. *On the Population and Tumuli of the Aborigines of North America, in a Letter from H. H. Brackenridge, Esq. to Thomas Jefferson, Esq.* Mr. Brackenridge, from the number and extent of these tumuli, and other indications of a people different from the present supposed aborigines, deduces a population in former times for the North American continent, far greater than what we now see it. The paper is curious and entertaining; and will well repay an attentive perusal to a reader who feels interested in the antiquities of this continent. It will be found in this number of the Magazine.

No. 8. *An Account of some Experiments made on Crude Platinum; and a new Process for separating Palladium and Rhodium from that Metal*, by Joseph Cloud. Mr. Cloud dissolved the ore of platinum in nitro-muriatic acid, and precipitated it in the usual way by sal ammoniac. The precipitate, exposed to a white heat, yielded a gray metallic powder, which was fused by the hydrogen and oxygen blow-pipe (first invented by Mr. Hare, and greatly simplified and improved by Mr. Cloud many years before Dr. Clarke's pretended discovery). The metal thus obtained was rolled out, and proved to have a specific gravity of 23,643. The metals in the remaining solution were precipitated by zinc, mixed with four weights of silver, cupelled, and boiled in nitric acid, which took up the silver and the palladium. The silver was separated by muriatic acid, and the palladium by prussiat of mercury, and then fused with borax. Sp. gr. of the palladium 11 4-99. The platinum and gold were then separated by nitro-muriatic acid, and the rhodium remained in the undissolved black powder, which, when washed and fused by the hydro-pneumatic blow-pipe, was of sp. gr. 11,2. For further details we must refer to the paper itself, which is very creditable to this able chemist.

No. 9. *An Attempt to ascertain the Fusing Temperature of Metals*, by Joseph Cloud. This is an ingenious attempt to deduce the comparative fusibility of metals, from the compound ratio of their attraction of cohesion and their specific gravity. The coincidence renders the formula here adopted very probable.

No. 10. *An Inquiry into the Cause why Metals in their solid state appear to be specifically lighter than they are in a state of fu-*

sion, by Joseph Cloud. It has been assumed that the fact is as above stated, from the buoyancy of solid metals when thrown upon the same metals in fusion; iron is an instance. Mr. Cloud doubts the fact, and accounts for the appearances, from 1st, the attraction of cohesion not yet overcome in the fused metals, and 2d, the stream of radiant caloric ascending from the melted mass.

No. 11. *Observations and Conjectures on the Formation and Nature of the Soil of Kentucky*, by J. Correa de Serra. This is an attempt to account for the great fertility of the Elkhorn tract in Kentucky, from a deposition of vegetable matter on the soft shelly limestone whereon it reposes, and which has undergone gradual decomposition without having been subjected to the pressure of superincumbent strata. While the coal region is accounted for from a similar deposit of vegetable matter, while the ocean covered the lower strata forming the floor of a coal mine, and which vegetable deposition has been gradually decomposed under the pressure of the various strata that cover the coal formation; so that in the first case, many of the chemical constituents of the vegetable deposit have escaped into the atmosphere, and prevented the formation of coal—while, in the latter case, they have been returned upon the vegetable stratum, and entered into the new combinations which has given origin to coal beds. The learned author illustrates this by the submarine forest extending from the mouth of the Humber to Peterborough in England, of which he gave an account in the Philosophical Transactions of London.

No. 12. *An easy Solution of an useful Problem in Arithmetic*, by James Austin. This is a brief process for finding the sum or the difference of the products of any number of given factors: and applicable to the calculations required in surveys of tracts of land.

No. 13. *On the geological formation of the Natural Bridge in Virginia*, by Francis W. Gilmer. This remarkable object is accounted for by the gradual operation of water on the limestone stratum which was formerly connected with the present arch.

No. 14. *Analysis of the Iron Blue Earth of New-Jersey*, by Thomas Cooper, M. D. This substance has usually been considered as a prussiat or a phosphat of iron. From the experiments here related, it cannot now be deemed either the one or the other: for alkalies boiled on it produced no prussian blue with solutions of iron, and the earth, when dissolved in acids and diluted, showed no precipitate of phosphat of lead on the addition of nitrat and of acetat of lead. The author considers it as a hydrat.

(*To be continued.*)

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ART. III.—*An original collection of the Poems of Ossian, Orrann, Ulin, and other bards who flourished in the same age. Collected and edited by Hugh and John M'Callum. Montrose, pp. 300. 1816.*

**T**HIS volume, though more than a year old has we believe but recently reached our shores. It is said to be brought hither for our edification by the learned collectors and editors themselves. We have great reason to be obliged to them for such a proof of confi-



dence in our taste and liberality, and although it must be confessed that whosoever reads the 'collection' with the hope of finding any of the wild sublimity of Ossian must be grievously disappointed, yet the work is an object of curiosity and a source of amusement, as a very successful effort in the art of *book-making*, and a diverting repository of *bathos* and bombast.

Of the three hundred pages contained within the binding, considerably less than one half that number are devoted to redeem the magnificent promise of the title page. The rest of the book is preface, list of subscribers' names, which alone occupies fifty nine, life of St. Columba, &c. &c. This it must be allowed, is showing considerable skill in *editorship*; we wish as much could be advanced in favour of the editor's talents for poetry. But we are constrained to say the list of 'Subscribers' names,' is the least faulty part of the production.

We are aware that in speaking of Ossian, we tread 'super ignes suppositas cineri doloso;' those who admire that bard, as much as Napoleon is said to do, will scarce forgive an irreverent mention of his name, while not a few of our readers are sceptical as to the reality even of his existence; but whether the songs attributed to Ossian were truly his, or Macpherson composed what he said he only translated, we are among those who sincerely and warmly admire these poems, and therefore began the perusal of the Messrs. M'Callum's collection with no anticipation farther from our thoughts than that of laughing at it.

At the very first glance the names appeared sufficiently *Ossianic*; and when we found such personages before us as *Cuchulin*, *Conull*, *Lascar*, and *Daol*, together with an abundant supply of mists and beams and glens and mountains, we did hope for a fine display of Gaelic splendour. But our readers will judge of our amazement, when we met with such sentences as the following:

'What do we see in that chariot? In that chariot we see the bald-pated, white-hoofed, small-shanked, clean-maned, crooked-necked, high-headed, silk-mantled, broad-breasted, young, short-haired, small-eared, high-spirited, stately-formed, wide-nostriled, slender-made, horses; covered with jewels; brisk as foals, comely, nice, ostentatious, wild-leaping in the chariot—commonly called Du-semliu.' p. 127.

'The mild hero approached us, but at length to our vexation. His face was incapable of the emotion of terror, and he strongly solicited a battle of dogs. Fairer than the rays of the sun was his complexion; his two cheeks of the colour of the rasp; his body whiter than any snow, though his hair *happened to be* black.' p. 133.

'Beautiful was the form of Bran, [a dog] the hair of his tendons was far from his head, his middle broad, his breast low, joints bowed, and crooked houghs; the feet of Bran were of a yellow hue, his two sides black, and his belly white; his back green, about which the beasts of the chase often lay, his steep folding ears of the colour of purple. They set the dogs nose to nose, and blood was shed among the host.' p. 134.

'Steady was the friendship of Gaul; victorious was he ever in battle; high-bouncing was his rage, his store was abundant. A hero of mild white teeth, who never forsook his friend,' &c. p. 136.

'When the red-haired Cairbre saw his forces hewed down by Oscar, at him he darted the sharp spear that was in his hand, and pierced him between the kidneys and the navel,' &c. p. 144.

'A courteous virgin, &c. whiter than the beam rays of the sun was the upper part of her breast, under her handsome *shift*,' &c. p. 149.

'Iolunn turned to my son who strenuously fought against the great boned, wounding, quick handed, high-leaping hero.' p. 151.

'Dermid, measure the boar how many feet there are between its snout and its heel, &c. The son of Duivne of heavy foot, again measured the boar, an unprosperous expedition indeed: the mortal, strong bristles pierced the soles of the hero, who was valiant in battle,' p. 178.

'Many were the pictures of lions, and leopards, on the silken vestment of the great hero, &c. a sword, long, broad, and glittering, was upon the side of the great, victorious, courageous, terrible, fierce hero. His helmet and breast-plate are bright, small-spotted, beautiful, and bound by melted silver, with *epaulets* of shining gold.' p. 192.

'Behind him there is another man marching without clemency, sense, breeding or shame, &c. Rage and fury are rising up behind the ears of the real dog, opening his babbling, gaping, hard teeth, to tear my armies to pieces before he shall stop.' p. 201.

The last of these '*poems*' as they are called, 'heaven save the mark,' is put into verse, by way of improvement upon Ossian; and is followed by what is termed a '*metrical effusion*,' whether by *Ossian*, or M'Callum, we are not informed; it is however so much in uniformity as to taste and spirit with the preceding *effusions* that one is naturally led to infer, it is by the same author, be he ancient or modern. We can hardly suppose however, that the worthy Messrs. M'Callum, intend to persuade the world that their '*metrical effusion*,' was composed by Ossian, or any 'other bard who flourished in the same age,' as Bonaparte, and the battle of Waterloo, are rhymed into it. The battle makes a grand figure.

'War's columns now advanced in silent state,  
Majestic, awful, big with Europe's fate!  
Britannia's lion roar'd:—*My cubs*, away!  
Spring on yon wolves, and glut your maws with prey!'

We sincerely wish we could make some extracts of a character more favourable to the work of the Messrs. M'Callum, but all that is not ridiculous throughout the book, is flat and vapid. Whether the 'collection' be really of genuine translation from Gaelic we will not pretend to conjecture, not being at all acquainted with the spirit of that language. The list of subscribers seems to show a considerable degree of confidence in the veracity of the publishers; but this we can safely aver that if the '*poems*' in question were composed by Ossian, they only add another proof that the same man who writes excellently well at one time may write execrably ill at another.



ART. IV.—*View of Ticonderoga.*

**T**HE engraving in the number for this month presents a view of the remains of Ticonderoga Forts on Lake Champlain, from a drawing taken by Mr. H. Reinagle, the artist, of this city. Ticonderoga is a name familiar to the readers of our early history—its capture was one of those auspicious successes which ushered in the dawn of the revolution, and subsequent events have attached to Lake Champlain a memorable interest, by the decisive victory of Macdonough in the late war. It is situated about fifteen miles south of Crown Point, and about thirty north of Skeenesborough (now Whitehall), where Wood Creek falls into Lake Champlain. It is formed by a sharp angle in the narrow waters of the Lake, and an arm of that Lake stretching to the westward, which receives the waters of Lake George, at the foot of a precipitous fall of about twenty feet. The stream which connects these lakes makes a considerable curvature to the west, and in the distance of two miles tumbles over successive strata of rocks about three hundred feet, the difference of the level between the surface of Lake George and that of Lake Champlain, furnishing a variety of excellent mill scites, accessible to the navigable waters of Lake George forty miles, and to those of Lake Champlain and the river Sorel, which empties itself into the St. Lawrence, about one hundred and thirty miles. From this, the consequence of the situation will readily be perceived.

Ticonderoga was long considered an important post, as it commanded, in times when the country was little explored and still less cleared, all the passes between Canada and the other provinces. It was fortified in the time of the French, long prior to the war of 1756. On the projecting rock that overhangs the margin of the lake, they established a barrier post named Carillon, a quadrangular work, with regular bastions of masonry. During that war, it was rendered famous by the repulse of General Abercrombie from before it, on July 1758, after having sustained a loss of near 2000 men in killed and wounded, although he might, by taking possession of a neighbouring height, called Mount Defiance, have easily carried the place.

The French officer who commanded at Ticonderoga, when he heard of General Abercrombie's approach, found it necessary to the defence of the post to take possession of an elevated ridge on the direct route to it from the landing at Lake George, which, at less than half a mile, entirely overlooked the works. This ridge is flat on the summit, and extends westwardly about half a mile to the saw-mills at the perpendicular fall before mentioned, where it terminates in still higher ground, called Mount Hope. On the south it presents a bold acclivity, washed by the strait, and to the north it declines until it sinks into a plain, which is extended about an hundred rods to the shore of the lake, where the bank is ten or twelve feet high; across the crown of this ridge, at the extremity nearest the fort, the garrison hastily threw up an intrenchment, with a common ditch, judiciously flanked, which was strengthened by felling

the forest trees in front outwards, and these they trimmed, pointed, and formed into an impervious abattis, sixty or eighty rods deep, in which the assailants became entangled, and were deliberately shot down, until, after repeated attempts during four hours, in which the most persevering resolution was displayed, they were called off, and the army immediately retreated without molestation. On the approach of General Amherst however, in 1759, with a superior force, Mons. Bourslemarque, the French commander, retired from Ticonderoga with his main body, leaving a garrison of four hundred men to defend the Forts, and intrenched himself on the opposite side of the strait formed by Crown Point and Chimney Point. General Amherst opened trenches against Carillon the 23d July, and the place was abandoned and blown up, after some opposition, on the 26th.

At the peace of 1763, it was confirmed to the British possession, and the Forts were repaired and placed in a posture of defence. In progress of time, as fresh roads and communications were opened, it became of inferior consequence as a pass, on which account it was in some degree neglected, though serving as a nucleus for the resort of Indians, whom the policy of hostilities might instigate to take up arms. On this account, it attracted the early attention of the adjacent states of Vermont and Connecticut on the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, and colonel Allen, at the head of two hundred and thirty *green mountain boys*\* as they were termed, was appointed, soon after the news of the battle of Lexington, to undertake the reduction of the place. Intelligence as to the state of the garrison was obtained by means of an officer who disguised himself, and entered the Fort in the character of a countryman wanting to be shaved. In searching for a barber, he observed every thing critically, asked a number of rustic questions, affected great ignorance, and passed unsuspected. Before night he withdrew, joined his party, and at an early hour in the morning guided them to the most vulnerable point. Colonel Allen arrived opposite to Ticonderoga on the 9th of May 1775. Boats were procured with difficulty, when he crossed over with 83 men, and landed near the garrison. The colonel headed, accompanied by the officer who was to act as guide, and entered the fort leading to the works early in the morning. A sentry snapped his piece at colonel Allen, and then retreated through the covered way to the parade, followed by the assailants Captain De la Place, the commander of the place, was surprised in his bed. Colonel Allen demanded the surrender of the keys, and upon the captain asking by what authority, he replied, 'I demand them in the name of the great Jehovah and the continental Congress.' Had the garrison been alarmed in time, they could have made no effectual resistance, as the fort was out of repair, and

\* So called from their residing within the limits of the Green Mountains, as the Hampshire grants were denominated, from the range of Green Mountains that runs through them—a brave hardy race, chiefly settlers from New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. The territory has now the name of Vermont.



the effectives in it did not exceed 49 men.\* Could he have gained timely intelligence, he might have procured a reinforcement from St. John's, but the *coup de main* was so secretly and well conducted, that not the remotest suspicion of the intended attack was entertained.

In the progress of the war of the revolution, we find Ticonderoga occupied by a detachment of the American army, employed in improving the old French lines, and erecting new works on the same side of the lake, and also on Mount Independence, which is separated from Ticonderoga by a strait about 80 poles wide. General Gates had his head-quarters here, and was afterwards succeeded by Major general St. Clair. On the approach of the British army under Lieut. general Burgoyne, in 1777, it was judged proper to evacuate the place, owing to the very superior force of the enemy, and the want of adequate means of defending both the Forts and Mount Independence, possession of the latter being essential to the preservation of the former. At that period, it was impossible to spare reinforcements, operations to the eastward requiring the services of every individual of the main army.

In the course of the war however, after the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, it reverted to the possession of the American army.

The view is taken from the cottage seen, at Lacobie point, and bears a western aspect. The Forts are in a state of ruin; but the stone walls of the barracks are standing, and from the durability of the materials, likely to remain in a state of good preservation for a considerable time. The officers' wing of apartments, being built of brick, is dilapidated, and supplies the house below on the shore, which is inhabited by a farmer, with building materials. This house formerly was a store of the garrison, and a bridge once stretched across from the fort to the opposite shore. The remains of the bastion, on the rocky projection, under which the sloop is seen, and which commanded the navigation of the lake, are still existing. The character of the adjacent country, it will be seen, is mountainous; on the Vermont side it is level. It is remarkably healthy, and many of the inhabitants attain to longevity. The beauty of the situation, and curiosity, excited by a recollection of the events on Lake Champlain, now peacefully navigated by the steamboat, which carries passengers at a very moderate rate, contribute to attract the resort of numerous travellers in the summer season, and to attach something more than an ordinary interest to the scene represented.

\* The prisoners were, the captain, lieutenant, a gunner, 2 serjeants, and 44 rank and file, beside women and children. There were captured about 120 iron cannon from 6 to 24 pounders; 2 brass cannon; 50 swivels of different sizes; 2 ten inch mortars; 1 howitzer; 1 cohorn; 10 tons of musket balls; 3 cart-loads of flints, 30 new gun-carriages; a considerable quantity of shells; a store-house full of materials to carry on boat-building; 100 stand of small arms; 10 casks of powder, 30 barrels of flour; 18 barrels of pork, and some beans and pease.

ART. V.—*On the Population and Tumuli of the Aborigines of North America.* In a letter from H. M. Brackenridge, esq. to Thomas Jefferson.—Read Oct. 1, 1813.

[From the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.]

*Baton Rouge, July 25, 1813.*

SIR—From a knowledge that research into the history of the primitive inhabitants of America, is one of your favourite amusements, I take the liberty of making this communication. My attention to the subject, was first awakened on reading, when a boy, the observations contained in the ‘Notes on Virginia,’ and it has become, with me, a favourite theme of speculation. I often visited the mound, and other remains of Indian antiquity in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, my native town, attracted by a pleasing interest, of which I scarcely knew the cause, and afterwards read, and heard with delight, whatever related to these monuments of the first, or rather earlier, inhabitants of my native country. Since the year 1810 (without previously intending it) I have visited almost every thing of this kind, worthy of note on the Ohio and Mississippi; and from examination and reflection, something like hypothesis, has taken the place of the vague wanderings of fancy. The following is a sketch of the result of those observations.

I. Throughout, what is denominated by Volney, the valley of the Mississippi, there exist the traces of a population far beyond what this extensive and fertile portion of the continent, is supposed to have possessed: greater, perhaps, than could be supported of the present white inhabitants, even with the careful agriculture practised in the most populous parts of Europe. The reason of this, is to be found in the peculiar manners of the inhabitants by whom it was formerly occupied; like those of Mexico, their agriculture had for its only object their own sustenance; no surplus was demanded for commerce with foreign nations, and no part of the soil, susceptible of culture, was devoted to pasturage; yet, extensive forests filled with wild animals would still remain. The aggregate population of the country might be less, but that of particular districts much greater. We must, in this way, account for the astonishing population of the vale of Mexico, when first known to the Spaniards; perhaps equal to any district of the same extent of climate.\* The astonishing population of Owyhee, and Otaheite, must be accounted for in the same way. There are certainly many districts on the Ohio and Mississippi equally favourable to a numerous population. When I contemplated the beauty and fertility of those spots, I could scarcely believe it possible, that they should never have supported a numerous population; such a fact would form an exception to what has usually occurred, in every other part of the globe.

II. In the valley of the Mississippi, there are discovered the traces of two distinct traces of people, or periods of population,

\* See Humboldt, Vol. II. page 127.



one much more ancient than the other. The traces of the last are the most numerous, but mark a population less advanced in civilization; in fact, they belong to the same race that existed in the country when the French and English effected their settlements on this part of the continent: but since the intercourse of these people with the whites, and their astonishing diminution in numbers, many of their customs have fallen into disuse. It is not more than a hundred and twenty years, since the character of the population, which left the traces of the second period, underwent a change. The appearances of fortifications, of which so much has been said, and which have been attributed to a colony of Welch, are nothing more than the traces of pallisadoed towns or villages. The first travellers mention this custom of surrounding their towns with palisades; the earth was thrown up a few feet, and pickets placed on the top. I have seen old volumes in which they are represented in the engravings.\* The Arikara and Mandan villages are still fortified in this way. The traces of these are astonishingly numerous in the western country; I should not exaggerate if I were to say that *five thousand* might be found. Some of them inclose more than an hundred acres. From some cause or other (and we know that there are enough which might suffice to effect it) the population had been astonishingly diminished immediately before we became acquainted with them; and yet Charlevoix mentions a town of the Mascutin tribe (at present incorporated with the Kickapoos) containing a thousand families! The barrows, or general receptacles of the dead, such as examined by yourself, may be classed with the pallisadoed towns, though they are much more numerous; they are, in fact, to be found in almost every corn-field in the western country. The tumuli, or mounds, are often met with, where there is no appearance of pallisadoed villages or fortifications, or of barrows.

III. The first and more ancient period, is marked by those extraordinary tumuli or mounds. I have reason to believe that their antiquity is very great. The oldest Indians have no tradition as to their authors, or the purposes for which they were originally intended; yet they were formerly, I might almost say instinctively, in the habit of using them for one of the purposes for which they were at first designed, to wit, as places of defence. The old chief Du Coin, told Mr. Rice Jones that the mounds in the American bottom had been fortified by the Kaskaskias in their wars with the Iroquois. An old work by Lafitau, a jesuit, which I met with at New Orleans, contains a curious plate in which one of these mounds fortified by palisades on the top, and large beams extending to the bottom, is assaulted by enemies. These tumuli as well as the fortifications, are to be found at the junction of all the considerable rivers, in the most eligible positions for towns, and in the most ex-

\* These are to be seen in many old volumes in the present library of Congress, which contains the most valuable collection of books on America to be found in any part of the world.

tensive bodies of fertile land. Their number exceeds, perhaps, *three thousand*; the smallest not less than twenty feet in height, and one hundred in diameter at the base. Their great number, and the astonishing size of some of them, may be regarded as furnishing, with other circumstances, evidence of their antiquity. I have been sometimes induced to think, that at the period when those mounds were constructed, there existed on the Mississippi, a population as numerous as that which once animated the borders of the Nile, or of the Euphrates, or of Mexico and Peru.

IV. The most numerous, as well as the most considerable of these remains, are found precisely in the part of the country where the traces of a numerous population might be looked for, to wit, from the mouth of the Ohio (on the east side of the Mississippi) to the Illinois river, and on the west side from the St. Francis to the Missouri. I am perfectly satisfied that cities similar to those of *ancient Mexico*, of several hundred thousand souls, have existed in this part of the country. Nearly opposite St. Louis there are the traces of two such cities, in the distance of five miles, on the bank of the Cohokia, which crosses the American bottom at this place.\* There are not less than one hundred mounds, in two different groups; one of the mounds falls little short of the Egyptian pyramid Mycerius. When I examined it, in 1811, I was astonished that this stupendous monument of antiquity should have been unnoticed by any traveller: I afterwards published an account in the newspapers at St. Louis, detailing its dimensions, describing its form, position, &c. but this, which I thought might almost be considered a discovery, attracted no notice: and yet I stated it to be eight hundred paces in circumference (the exact size of the pyramid of Asychis) and one hundred feet in height. The mounds at Grave Creek and Marietta are of the second or third class. The mounds at St. Louis, at New Madrid, and at the commencement of Black River, are all larger than those of Marietta. The following is an enumeration of the most considerable mounds on the Mississippi and on the Ohio; the greater part I examined myself with such attention as the short time I had to spare would permit.

1. At Great Creek, below Wheeling.
2. At Pittsburgh.
3. At Marietta.
4. At Cincinnati.
5. At New Madrid—one of them 350 feet diameter at the base.
6. Bois Brulie bottom, fifteen miles below St. Genevieve.
7. At St. Genevieve.
8. Mouth of the Maramack.
9. St. Louis—one with two stages, another with three.
10. Mouth of the Missouri.
11. On the Cohokia river—in two groups.

\* See the chapter on the Antiquities of the Valley of the Mississippi, in the 'Views of Louisiana,' by the author of this Memoir, p. 181. Pittsburg edition, 1814.



12. Twenty miles below—two groups also, but the mounds of a smaller size—on the back of a lake, formerly the bed of the river.

13. Near Washington (M. T.) 146 feet in height.

14. At Baton Rouge, and on the bayou Manchac—one of the mounds near the lake is chiefly composed of shells—the inhabitants have taken away great quantities of these for the purpose of making lime.

15. The mound on Black River, of two stages, with a group around it.

At each of these places there are groups of mounds; and at each there probably once existed a city. On the other considerable rivers which are tributary to the Ohio and Mississippi, in Kentucky, Tennessee, state of Ohio, Indiana territory, &c. they are equally numerous. But the principal city and center of population was between the Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and Illinois. I have been informed that in the plains between the Arkansa and St. Francis, they are numerous and some very large. They resemble the Teocalli, in these important features, 1. In their positions the cardinal points are observed with considerable accuracy. 2. The larger mounds have several stages. 3. In every group there are two mounds much larger than the others. 4. The smaller mounds are placed around symmetrically. A closer examination would show a resemblance in other particulars. It is doubted by Humboldt whether advantage had not been taken of some natural rise, in the formation of the pyramid of Cholula; with respect to the mound of Cohokia, there can be no doubt, for it stands in the midst of alluvium, and there is no natural hill nearer than two miles.\*

Such are the appearances of antiquity in the western country, which I consider as furnishing proof of an ancient and numerous population. The resemblance to those of New Spain would render probable the existence of the same arts and customs; perhaps of an intercourse. The distance from the large mound on Red River, to the nearest in New Spain, is not so great but that they might be considered as existing in the same country.

From the description of the *Adoratorios*, as they are called, it appears highly probable that the mounds on the Mississippi were destined for the same purposes. Solis tells us, that every considerable place had a number of them, upon which a kind of tower was erected, and which gave rise to the belief of those who first visited the coast of New Spain, that they had seen cities with numerous steeples;† from which circumstance they bestowed upon it the name of their native country. The four great cities to which the general name of Mexico was given, contained two thousand of these *Adoratorios* or Teocalli; at the first glance, this vast popula-

\* See the account of the Teocalli of New Spain, by Humboldt, pages 16, 41, 44, 123, 170, &c. Vol. II. New York edition, 1811.

† Mr. Robertson, who is disposed to lessen every thing American, and to treat with contempt unworthy of a philosopher, all their acts and advancement in civilization, attributes this to the imaginations of the Spaniards, inflamed with the spirit of Quixotic adventure.

tion, equal perhaps to London or Paris, appeared to be crowned with innumerable towers and steeples. Architecture was, perhaps, too much in its infancy to enable them to build to any great height, a mound was therefore raised, and a building erected on the top. It was in this way the temple of Belus at Babylon was erected, and the Egyptian pyramids of the second class, which are solid, and probably the most ancient. Besides being places of adoration, the Teocalli also served as fortresses; they were usually the last places to which the inhabitants of the cities conquered by Cortez resorted, after having been driven from every other quarter. They were enabled from the position, form, and the tower on the top, to defend themselves in these situations to great advantage. Placed from the bottom to the top of the mount, by gradations above each other, they appeared (as Solis in his animated style expresses it) to constitute 'a living hill;' and, at first, judging only from the experience of their own wars, they fancied themselves unassailable.

From the oldest book extant, the Bible, we see exemplified, in numerous instances, the natural predilection for resorting to *high-places*, for the purpose of worship; this prevailed amongst all nations, and probably the first edifice dedicated to the Deity was an elevation of earth, the next step was the placing a temple on it, and finally churches and mosques were built with steeples. This having prevailed in all countries, may be considered as the dictate of nature. The most ancient temples of the Greeks were erected on artificial, or natural elevations of earth; at the present day, almost every part of Europe and Asia, exhibits these remains of tumuli, the rudest, though perhaps the most lasting of human works.\* The mausoleum generally holds the next place to the temple; and, what is remarkable, all nations in their wars have made the last stand in the edifices consecrated to their gods, and near to the tombs of their ancestors. The *Adoratorios* of New Spain, like all works of the kind, answered the three purposes, of the temple, the fortress, and the mausoleum. Can we entertain a doubt but that this was also the case with those of the Mississippi?

The antiquity of these mounds is certainly very great; this is not inferred from the growth of trees, which prove an antiquity of a few centuries, but from this simple reflection; a people capable of works requiring so much labour, must be numerous, and if numerous, somewhat advanced in the arts; we might therefore look for works of stone or brick, the traces of which would remain for at least eight or ten centuries. The great mound of Cohokia, is evidently constructed with as much regularity as any of the Teocalli of New Spain, and was doubtless cased with brick or stone, and crowned with buildings; but of these no traces remain. Near the mound at St. Louis, there are a few decaying stones, but which may have been casually brought there. The pyramid of Papantla, in the northern part of the Intendancy of Vera Cruz, unknown to the first conquerors, and discovered a few years ago, was still partly

\* See Appendix to Volney's View of America, Clark's Travels in America, &c.



ceased with bricks. We might be warranted in considering the mounds of the Mississippi more ancient than the Teocalli: a fact worthy of notice, although the stages are still plain in some of them, the gradations or steps have disappeared, in the course of time the rains having washed them off. The pieces of obsidian or flint, are found in great quantities near them, as is the case with the Teocalli. Some might be startled if I should say that the mound of Cohokia is as ancient as those of Egypt! The Mexicans possessed but imperfect traditions of the construction of their Teocalli; their traditions attribute them to the Toultees, or to the Olmees, who probably migrated from the Mississippi.

Who will pretend to speak with certainty as to the antiquity of America—the races of men who have flourished and disappeared—of the thousand revolutions, which, like other parts of the globe, it has undergone? The philosophers of Europe, with a narrowness and selfishness of mind, have endeavoured to depreciate every thing which relates to it. They have called it the *New World*, as though its formation was posterior to the rest of the habitable globe. A few facts suffice to repel this idea:—the antiquity of her mountains, the remains of volcanoes, the alluvial tracts, the wearing away of cataracts, &c. and the number of primitive languages, greater perhaps than in all the rest of the world besides.

The use of letters, and the discovery of the mariner's compass, the invention of gunpowder and of printing, have produced incalculable changes in the old world. I question much whether before those periods, comparatively recent, there existed, or could exist, nations more civilized than the Mexicans, or Peruvians. In morals, the Greeks and Romans, in their most enlightened days, were not superior to the Mexicans. We are told that these people sacrificed human beings to their gods! did not the Romans sacrifice their unfortunate prisoners to their depraved and wicked pleasures, compelling them to kill each other? Was the sacrifice of Ephigenia, to obtain a favourable wind, an act of less barbarity than the sacrifices by the Mexicans of their prisoners on the altar of their gods? The Peruvians were exempt from these crimes—perhaps the mildest and most innocent people that ever lived, and in the arts as much advanced as were the ancient Persians or Egyptians; and not only in the arts, but even in the sciences. Was ever any work of the old world superior to the two roads from Quito to Cusco?

Pardon me, sir, for troubling you with this long, and perhaps tiresome letter, dictated probably by the vanity of personally communicating my crude theories to one who holds so distinguished a place in that temple of science which belongs to every age and every country.

With sentiments of the highest respect,

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

H. M. BRACKENRIDGE.

ART. VI.—*Account of David Ritchie, the original of the Black Dwarf.*

[The public feeling is alive to all that issues from the prolific genius of the author of *Rob Roy*, &c. and connects with whatever is illustrative of his works, the eagerness of curiosity and the attention of interest. Under this impression we give place to the following account of THE BLACK DWARF, which it will be remembered is the first of 'Tales of my Landlord' by the same author, extracted from the *Edinburgh Magazine*, a work that seems occasionally employed as the organ to afford to his countrymen elucidations on the more prominent topics of the author's ingenuity.]

THE singular person of whose real history and condition we now propose to detail a few particulars, has already excited the curiosity and contributed to the entertainment of the public in no ordinary degree, under the fictitious character of the BLACK DWARF. Of Ritchie's being the real prototype of that marvellous misanthrope, we do not profess to entertain even the shadow of a doubt. Under that view he has been already described, evidently from high authority, in the *Quarterly Review*—and also in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* for June, by a correspondent who has since communicated to us some further curious and well authenticated information, which corroborates in general his former account, and which, with materials from other sources, enables us to present our readers with the following details.

David Ritchie, commonly called Bowed Davie, was born at Easter Happrew, in the parish of Stobo, Peeblesshire, about the year 1749. His father, William Ritchie, a labouring man, was employed for many years in the slate quarries at that place, as was also one of his sons, who was older than David. The name of our hero's mother was Niven. David used to say, that his deformity was owing to *ill-guiding* in his childhood; but this was not credited, and he is understood to have been mis-shapen from his birth. Whether his peculiar temper arose entirely from this cause or from original disposition, it appears at least to have displayed itself at a very early age; and his father used to observe, that, 'he was born either to slay or be slain.' He was never more than a few months at school, but he had learned to read English very well. He was sent to Edinburgh when young to learn the trade of a brush-maker; but his extraordinary figure attracted so much notice, that he soon left this city in disgust and retired to his native hills.

How he subsisted on his return to the country we have not heard, but some time afterwards, probably on the death of his father, he attracted the notice of sir James Nasmyth; and being now settled in the parish of Manor, he formed the plan of erecting a cottage for himself on the grounds of that gentleman, whose permission he seems to have readily obtained. He fixed upon a spot of ground at the bottom of a steep bank on the farm of Woodhouse. The benevolent proprietor directed his servants to lend him what assistance he might require, and gave him possession of the ground rent-free. The dwarf required but little assistance. With incredible labour and perseverance, he first cleared the space to be occupied by his hut and a small garden; scooping out for that pur-



pose a large recess in the side of the hill, which, rising abruptly, formed on the one side a natural wall to the garden. The rest of it was inclosed partly by a wall of considerable height, and partly by the cottage, which occupied another of the sides. The walls both of the garden and the hut were chiefly built by Davie himself, of such materials as the spot afforded. Though without mortar, they were very solid, and were formed of alternate layers of large stones and turf. Having covered the cottage with a neat thatch-roof, and constructed a small door, and a few rude pieces of household furniture, he proceeded to the cultivation of his garden, in which he displayed very considerable taste, as well as industry. In a short time he contrived to stock it with a few fruit trees, and with all sorts of flowers, herbs, and culinary vegetables which could be procured in the neighbourhood. His manner of working is described, by persons who used to visit him, as exceedingly laborious. Being unable to make any use of his feet in digging, he had a spade so contrived, that he could force it down with his breast; the rest of the labour was performed entirely by means of his arms and hands, in which he possessed great strength. He also procured some beehives, and planted a bower of willows and rowan-tree; and by degrees his little hermitage exhibited a very striking contrast to the slovenly *kail-yards* of the neighbouring peasants, and looked more like a fairy bower than a wizard's den. It soon came to be resorted to by visitors, being accounted, with its inhabitant, one of the most interesting curiosities of the country. The late venerable professor Ferguson used sometimes to visit Davie, and also, it is said, some other individuals of high literary celebrity. The cultivating, ornamenting, and showing off this little spot, formed his chief occupation and greatest pleasure. He reared a great profusion of flowers for his more elegant visitors, and chamomile, rhubarb, and other medicinal herbs, for his homely neighbours. He also supplied the tables of some gentlemen in the neighbourhood with honey. His bees, along with a dog and cat, of all which he was very fond, formed the whole of his live stock. This original cottage falling into disrepair, sir James Nasmyth ordered a new one, consisting of two separate dwellings under one roof, to be erected for him and his sister, in 1802, at a short distance from the former. This was constructed by masons under Davie's directions; but he built the new garden wall almost entirely with his own hands. His sister wished to have one outer door common to both apartments; but he insisted on having two separate ones, as they appear at present. The house was, accordingly, divided by a complete partition. Davie's door is about three feet and a half high, and he could stand upright below the lintel. It has a small chink for a window, with wooden shutters. He would not admit of glass in it. Mr. Ballantyne, the present farmer of Woodhouse, enlarged the garden at the same time; which addition it took Davie a whole year to put in order to his liking. He turned up the soil two feet and a half deep, clearing it of large stones, &c. His sister and he having frequently quarrelled, a sort of estrangement

took place between these two lonely beings. The sister, though no way deformed in her person, was never capable of regular employment from a degree of mental aberration. They were long the only persons in the parish, who received support from the poor's funds. The dwarf, however, derived the chief part of his subsistence from the gratuitous contributions of the neighbouring farmers and gentry, most of whom he occasionally visited. Davie's *meal-pock* also hung constantly in the mill, and every person who had a *melder* ground allotted a small portion of it for his use. These resources, together with occasional presents from strangers who visited his dwelling, and the vegetables which he produced by his horticulture, sufficed for all his little wants. The pecuniary donations he received were chiefly expended on snuff, which was almost his only luxury, and one in which he indulged to excess. He kept a whiskey bottle, too, and occasionally sold a little for some years, but was never known to be too free in the use of it himself. He died in December 1811, after an illness of three days. According to his own account, he was about 71 years of age at the time of his death; but it is believed that he was several years older. He had become very penurious in the latter part of his life. Although subsisting entirely on charity, about L. 20 was found in his chest at his death, the half of which was restored to the parish.

The garden still retains marks of its original neatness, but is now totally unpruned. His sister who is younger than Davie by some years, has become a good deal more deranged in her mind since his death. She never passes the night in the cottage, but resides there through the day, and sleeps at the farmer's, Mr. Ballantyne of Woodhouse. Of late a great many strangers call at the cottage, from whom she has received many charitable offerings. She cannot understand the cause of their great curiosity concerning her brother's history. She said to a friend of ours who visited the place a few weeks ago—'What gars folk speer sae mony questions about us? Our parents were mean, but there was nae ill anent them.'

We are enabled to present our readers with the following sketch of Davie's singular physiognomy, from an original drawing taken some time before his death by a very accomplished person who lived for many years in habits of frequent and familiar intercourse with him, and which we believe is a striking likeness. It will be found to differ in some slight particulars from the description of the novelist, who of course, was under no obligation to adhere rigidly or uniformly to his original materials in the delineation of either mental or physical qualities; yet the force and felicity with which he has in general transferred to his glowing canvass, not only the more striking characteristics, but often the minutest details, is altogether wonderful. So far as regards personal beauty, however, poor Davie has no great cause to complain of the appearance he exhibits, when arrayed in the wizard mantle of the Black Dwarf. The couplet in which Pope describes sir Richard



Blackmore, seems no longer hyperbolical when applied to Bowed Davie.

‘He was so ugly and so grim,  
His shadow durst not follow him.’



His eyes, however, which were black, are said to have been fine. Of the rest of his person no accurate sketch, we believe, has ever been taken. It was still more remarkable, however, than his visage, and after many minute inquiries, we have no hesitation in adopting, almost without variation, the words of his fictitious historian, who, in the following description, is allowed to have given a pretty exact and unexaggerated portrait. ‘His body, thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the dress he wore. His arms were long and brawny,’ furnished with two muscular hands, and, when uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame, correspond with the shortness of his stature.’

His height was about three feet and a half. His skull, which was of an oblong and rather unusual shape, was of such strength that he could strike it with ease through the pannel of a door or the end of a tar-barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite hor-

rible; and his screech-owl voice, shrill, uncouth, and dissonant, corresponded well with his other peculiarities.

There was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He usually wore an old slouched hat when he went abroad; and when at home, a sort of cowl or nightcap, such as he is here represented with. He never wore shoes, being unable to adapt them to his mis-shapen fin-like feet, but always had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrapt up with pieces of cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole or pike-staff considerably taller than himself.

His habits were in many respects singular, and indicated a mind sufficiently congenial to its uncouth tabernacle. A jealous misanthropical, and irritable temper, was his most prominent characteristic. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom; and the insults and scorn to which this exposed him, had poisoned his heart with fierce and bitter feelings, which, from other traits in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into his original temperament than that of his fellow men. He detested children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly, and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he, on many occasions, neither expressed nor exhibited much gratitude. Even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his good will, he frequently displayed much caprice and jealousy. A lady, who knew him from her infancy, and who has furnished us in the most obliging manner with some particulars respecting him, says, that although Davie showed as much respect and attachment to her father's family as it was in his nature to show to any, yet they were always obliged to be very cautious in their deportment towards him. One day having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them with much pride and good humour, all his rich and tastefully-assorted borders, when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages which had been somewhat injured by the caterpillars. Davie observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his *kent*, exclaiming, 'I hate the worms, for they mock me.'

Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, very unintentionally gave him mortal offence on a similar occasion. Throwing back his jealous glance, he fancied he saw her spit at him. 'Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me!' he exclaimed with fury, and without listening to any answer, he drove her out of his garden with imprecations and insult. When irritated by persons for whom he entertained little respect, his misanthropy displayed itself in words and sometimes actions of still greater rudeness. He would then utter the most shocking imprecations, swear he would 'cleave them to the *harn-pans*'—'if he had but his *cran fingers* on them,' &c.

A farmer in the neighbourhood went one night, out of a frolic, to frighten Divie, but paid pretty dearly for his joke. He had assumed



the character of a robber, and pretended to be breaking into his hut. The dwarf after reconnoitering him from a small unglazed window, which he had near his chimney, wrenched a large stone out of the wall, dashed it down upon the assailant, and knocked him to the ground, where he lay for a while senseless and very severely hurt.

The lady to whose information we have just referred, mentions another anecdote which came within her own knowledge, and which may serve to illustrate the resolute and dogged perseverance of the dwarf. He had applied to Mr. Laidlaw of Hallyards for a branch of a tree which grew in the neighbourhood, to serve some purpose of his own. Mr. Laidlaw was always very ready to oblige Davie—but told him, that, on the present occasion, he could not grant his request, as it would injure the tree. Davie made no reply, but went away grumbling to himself. Next morning, some of Mr. Laidlaw's servants happened to be going from home so early as two o'clock, when, to their surprise and terror, they perceived through the gray twilight a strange figure struggling and dancing in the air below the said tree. Upon going up to the place they found it was Davie, who had contrived by some means to fasten a rope to the branch he wanted, and was swinging with all his weight upon it to break it down. They left him, and before he was again disturbed, he succeeded in bringing it to the ground, and carried it home with him.

He had a sort of strange pleasure in wandering out in the dark, and is said to have sometimes spent whole nights among the ruins of old buildings, and other places where spectres were believed to haunt; and he used to vaunt much of his courage and intrepidity in these adventures. With all this bravery he is known to have been extremely superstitious; and, to protect himself from witchcraft, he had planted a great deal of the rowan-tree, or mountain ash, around his dwelling. Upwards of forty of these trees were cut down in his garden after his death. It does not appear that he made any pretensions to warlockry, or that there was any strong suspicion of that nature respecting him among his neighbours, although a knowledge of his revengeful disposition impressed both young and old with a certain degree of fearful respect and awe of him. Davie spent much of his time in solitude, and when his garden did not require his care, would lie whole summer days by the side of a well, poring into the water. He also read a good deal when he could get books, and what is remarkable, was very fond of some parts of Shenstone's Pastoral Ballads, which he could repeat by heart. The sort of reading, however, in which he took greatest delight, was the adventures of Wallace and Bruce, and other popular tracts about Scottish heroes, the Highland clans, &c. He possessed a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, some parts of which he read with much interest. He had also got hold of 'Tooke's Pantheon,' and had his head confusedly stored with the stories of the Heathen Mythology. His information, such as it was, appeared to great advantage when he mingled with the peasantry at

the mill or smithy. He was very satirical in his conversation; and his harsh creaking voice was there frequently heard much higher than the sound of the clapper, or the fore-hammer. He visited Peebles, the county town, occasionally, but very seldom went to church. He was supposed to entertain some very peculiar notions on religious subjects, but those who were intimate with him say that he would now and then speak concerning a future state, with great earnestness and good sense; and on such occasions, when his feelings were excited, would sometimes burst into tears.

Davie would rather appear to have had some ambition of posthumous honours. Perhaps Tooke's Pantheon might have inspired him with a thirst of immortality, or perchance he had some presentiment of his approaching apotheosis, under the plastic hands of a mighty magician,—a still more extraordinary and mysterious personage than himself—one who has not only raised up the spirits of the departed, but by disrobing them of the more vulgar and prosaic *rags* of their mortal state, and investing them with imposing and poetical qualities, has restored them to the world in a guise a thousand times more pleasing and picturesque, and yet scarcely less true to nature, than the reality itself. But, whether poor Davie possessed the second sight or not, it is certain that he long expressed a desire to be buried on a particular spot which he pointed out, and not in the church-yard among the '*common brush*,' as he expressed it. One of the motives assigned by him for this singular wish, was his aversion to have the clods clapped down upon him 'by such a fellow as Jock Somerville the *bell-man*.' This person he always detested, and would scarcely stay in his company, probably from a secret feeling of disgust, or disagreeable reminiscence, suggested by a certain resemblance which the grave-digger bore to himself in personal deformity,

He appears to have displayed no small portion of taste in the selection of his burial ground. It is described in a little tract now before us, as a 'beautiful mount called the Woodhill, which rises from a plain nearly in the center of the parish of Manor, skirted with a number of venerable old trees, and encircled by an amphitheatre of steep and lofty mountains, covered to the tops with heath, and having their sides broken and diversified by deep ravines, and rocky precipices. This picturesque little hill, rising abruptly in the middle of a delightful plain, with its deep green ferny summit crowned with a Druidical circle, and its declivities white with sheep; the silvery links of Manor Water winding at its base, through fertile haughs and fields of grain; the aged trees scattered here and there along the bottom of the precipitous hills, the wild abodes of the goat, the raven, the fox, and the falcon; and the dark summits of the farther mountains towering over all,—present a burst of upland scenery not unworthy of arresting the notice of the traveller, even although it had never possessed the additional attraction of having been the residence of the illustrious Ferguson,



as well as of the eccentric dwarf of Manor Water.\* The eccentric dwarf, as the same writer states, also requested that a clump of *rowan-tree* might be planted above his grave on Woodhill. A promise to this effect was given him. But he changed his mind on his death-bed, and was 'gathered to his fathers' like a decent christian, in the church-yard of Manor.

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ART. VII.—*Anecdote of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden.*

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[The coincidence between the following example of feminine sympathy and presence of mind, and that in page 310 is so striking and curious, and redounds so highly to the credit of the female character, that we feel peculiar pleasure in extracting it for the gratification of our readers.]

**A**FTER the death of Steno, the administrator, and the bosom friend of Gustavus, and the consequent murder of the senate, and a price being set on his own head, the future deliverer of Sweden retired to the mountains of Dalecarlia, hoping he might hide himself in the woods with which that country is covered, and imagining that it would not be difficult to stimulate the inhabitants to revolt against the tyrant Christiern, as they had always shown themselves averse to the Danish yoke. At that time there was not one good town in the whole province, and hardly any thing but small villages situated on the borders of the forests, or on the banks of lakes and rivers. Some of these villages depended on the noblemen of the country, but most belonged to the crown, and were governed by the peasants themselves; the elders supplying the places of judges and captains. The national government durst not send either troops or garrisons into this province; nor did the kings themselves ever enter it in a legal manner till they had given pledge to the mountaineers to retain their privileges. On these independent people, therefore, Gustavus placed a firm confidence.

Disguising himself as a peasant, he set forth on his way to Dalecarlia, accompanied by a boor who was to be his guide. He crossed over the whole country of Sudermania, then passed between Mericia and Westmonia, and after the fatigues of a long and dangerous journey, arrived safe among the mountains. He had no sooner entered the province, than he was abandoned by his guide, who absconded, robbing him of all the money he had provided for his subsistence. He wandered up and down amongst these dreadful deserts, destitute of friends and money, not daring to own that he was even a gentleman. At length the inhabitants, then hardly more civilized than savages, proposed to him to work for his livelihood. To conceal himself from discovery, and to support nature, he accordingly hired himself to labour in the mines at Fahlun, and for a long course of time did he toil in these cav-

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\* 'A short account of David Ritchie, with an elegy on his death: printed for the author, July 1816.' This is curious, as having been in print some little time before the *Tales of my Landlord* appeared. But it was never published, and the author, whom we have conversed with, does not imagine that any of the few copies which he privately distributed could possibly have found their way to the hands of either Mr. Peter Pattieson, or his learned and worthy patron, the School-master of Gandercleugh.

erns, and breathe as his common element the air, one respiration of which seemed to bring me the summons of death.

Near Fahlun, on a little hill, stands a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consists of a long barn-like structure formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a person of the name of Pearson (or Peterson) whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavoured by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprize. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believing himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood, to



dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of soldiers, marched directly to the place. The men invested the house,\* while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily sieze him, as he has no arms with him.'

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: 'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side-door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she, 'its the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account: but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to

\* So strongly was I impressed with the history of this great Prince, even more invincible in mind than in arms, that I looked on the house which had once sheltered him, and in which female nobleness had also shone so conspicuously, with a kind of holy veneration. We entered this interesting place attended by an old woman, who lives in an adjoining house for the purpose of showing strangers this relic of antiquity. The room in which Gustavus slept, with his very bed, is most sacredly preserved. The hero's couch is a huge unwieldy square frame of common fir, with a straw mattress: he had no softer pillow. The present proprietor, a descendant from the fair patriot, guards these remains with scrupulous care. Of the authenticity of the adventure no doubt can exist; I had it from the first authority.

Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to an out-house, which projecting from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fisher's boats lay, she lowered him down a convenient aperture; and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

While he made his way to a boat, unmoored it, and rowed swiftly towards the isles, so hiding himself and his course amongst their mazes; the lady returned to the Dane laden with provisions, and amused him by a well-spread table till the soldiers brought back the disappointing intelligence, that their search had been fruitless. The observations of the officer, and his new directions, soon apprised the heroic woman of the vileness of her husband; and therefore when he appeared, which was shortly afterwards, even to him she kept true to her first statement, that Gustavus had gone out into the wood. The circumstance of the chastised servant seemed so insignificant to the officer; that, as it had occasioned in him no suspicion, he never mentioned it. And as guilt easily believes itself suspected, Pearson acknowledged with vexation to the Dane, that he had no doubt Gustavus had suspected his design, being aware, notwithstanding their mutual friendship, of his impregnable fidelity to Christiern (*measureless liar!*); and had accordingly taken the opportunity of his absence, to escape. As none were in the lady's confidence, the new retreat of Gustavus remained undiscovered, till assisted by the good curate, and other friends to liberty, he appeared openly at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, and gave his country freedom.

*R. K. Porter's Travels in Sweden and Russia, vol. 2.*

ART. VIII. *Some Remarks on the Deterioration of the Climate of Britain, with an attempt to point out its Cause.*

[From the Journal of Science and the Arts.]

**T**HAT for several centuries past the climate of England has undergone a very material change for the worse, appears demonstrated by the most irresistible historical evidence; nor can there indeed be a doubt that the springs are now later, and the summers shorter, and that those seasons are colder and more humid than they were in the youthful days of many persons, and those not very aged, who are now alive. We learn from our old chronicles, that the grape has formerly been cultivated in England, for the manufacture of wine, but we now know that even with much care and attention it can scarcely be brought to ripen a scanty crop, under walls exposed to the sun, sheltered from cold wind, and in every respect in the most favourable aspect; and it would be folly to attempt its growth in the method of a vineyard, as a standard. Of this real luxury of more genial climes, we have so long been deprived, that we trouble ourselves little about those golden days when Bacchus smiled upon our hills. But what may be considered as coming more home to the business and bosoms of the present generation is, that Pomona is about to desert our orchards, and



that on ground where the clustering vine once flourished, the apple has of late years scarcely ripened. Indeed we are informed upon good authority, that it is now sixteen years since the orchards have afforded a plentiful crop. It is really melancholy to think that at no very remote period our posterity may in all probability be in the same situation in regard to cyder, that we are now placed in with respect to wine; when the apple tree, like the vine, will only afford a penurious supply of sour fruit, and will be cultivated in forcing houses to supply the tables of the rich.

Lest, however, we should be set down among the screech-owls of mankind, whose race, we are sorry to say, shews no symptoms of extinction, and who make it their business 'to lessen the little comforts, and shorten the short pleasures of our condition by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognostics of the future;' we shall now beg leave to give our readers a few facts connected with this change of climate, which may perhaps throw a little light upon the subject, and tend to exhibit the cause of those effects which we have just deplored.

It is demonstrable, that in the northern parts of our hemisphere the mean annual temperature is on the decline, and on recurring to the accounts of modern travellers, it appears that in mountainous parts of Europe the accumulation of ice and snow is very sensibly increasing. This is perhaps particularly the case, and easily observable, in the vicinity of Mont Blanc; and the glaciers, which descending from the summits of that and the adjoining peaks, invade the adjacent valley of Chamouny, are making such progress as to threaten at no very remote period, to render the heart of that district inaccessible to the traveller. In a recent number of the '*Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Arts*,' Professor Pictet informs us, that the Glacier des Bossons has very lately advanced fifty feet; much to the dismay of the neighbouring villagers. But if we resort to more northern climes we shall find yet more alarming evidence of the great increase of snow and ice, and of this, the history of Greenland furnishes perhaps the most remarkable facts upon record. We know that that country, which was probably first peopled by Europeans from Iceland, received its name from its verdant appearance, and that the original colony continued to prosper, and to carry on an extensive commerce with Norway, until the beginning of the 15th century, since which period all communication with East Greenland has ceased, and what was once known respecting it is almost buried in oblivion. Since that period too, the east coast of Greenland, which once was perfectly accessible, has become blockaded by an immense collection of ice, so that till within these few months no vessels could approach near enough even to see land in that direction.

The following quotation from Fabricius\* will, we presume, furnish satisfactory proof of the great increase of the inland ice of Greenland, and seems particularly apposite to our present purpose.

\* *Nye Samling af det Kongelige Danske Videnskabers Selskabs Skrifter*. T. iii. 1788.

‘The land-ice (Fisbræc) in Greenland is one of the most remarkable phenomena in nature, and in extent far exceeds any other hitherto known, running from one end of the country to the other, and covering it with an eternal ice, leaving only some tops of mountains, which rise black and naked above it. When you ascend any of the highest mountains free from ice on the sea-coast, a dreadful view is presented. As far as the eye can reach, in every direction nothing is seen but a glittering surface, which merits the appellation of an icy ocean.

‘The ice is extending every year, increasing in height as well as breadth, and has already occupied the greatest part of the country. When it meets with high mountains it is checked in its progress till it has reached an equal height, and then proceeds farther without obstruction. An experiment has been made of placing a pole in the earth at a considerable distance from the line of ice, and that place has been found occupied by the ice the following year. Its progress is indeed so rapid that Greenlanders, who are still living, remember their fathers hunting rein-deer among naked mountains, which are now completely covered with ice. I have myself seen foot-paths leading to the inland of this part of the country, which are now obstructed by glaciers. It is chiefly in the valleys that the ice is accumulating, and where these reach the sea, and the inner part of the bay, the ice projects in large blocks over the water. Part of the ice appears to be even and smooth, particularly in the middle, but a part of it very uneven, especially at the extremities towards the naked land, and in those places, where small hillocks have been covered. But if you proceed farther on the ice, that which seemed to be even, consists of vallies with several strata. There are also a number of rents of different widths, and so deep that the eye seeks the bottom in vain. That part of the ice which appeared to be uneven is nothing but projecting hillocks with deep ravines, where it is impossible to proceed, and which bear the appearance of the sea in most violent motion, instantly congealed. If you look down into the rents or observe the ice at the extremities, you find the lower stratum of a blue colour, which is darker towards the bottom, but towards the surface, the colour is lighter, the uppermost stratum having its natural whiteness. The noise of water-falls is heard in some of the rents, and a thundering sound is frequently heard under your feet, when a new rent is made. On inspecting the extremity of the ice, when it is forming in low places, you will find it undermining the ground and pushing it aside as if it were by a plough. This detritus lies collected in heaps all along the sides of the ice, like walls, and at the first breaking up of the ice is sunk into it for ever. In many places entire lakes are filled and rivers stopped up; the ice spares nothing.

‘The blocks of ice, that form a continuation of the land-ice and project over the water in the inner parts of the bays, are yearly increasing. The sea below throws its waves over them, and makes such excavations, that in many places large poles of ice are hang-



ing down at the sides, having the appearance of pipes of organs, and in other places it forms immense arches. In proportion, as these blocks increase above and become heavier, and the excavations below are extended, immense masses are precipitated into the water. Many bays are really deep enough to receive such ice mountains. As one mass falls down, that which is behind is carried along with it, and thus one follows the other with a tremendous cracking noise, like a heavy cannonade. The sea, as is easily imagined, is thereby put into a violent motion, and overflows the land to a great height, and this inundation is felt at the distance of several miles. It has even happened that tents pitched at a considerable distance from the sea have been carried away and the people have perished. Boats are also in great danger.

‘Such masses of ice are at first precipitated deep in the water, and returning to the surface continue for a long time in motion. Sometimes they are united to the flat ice in the bays of congelation, and thus remain surrounded by it for a time, or they break in their fall the ice which is already formed there.

‘Another circumstance which increases these mountains, is that in some places there are large lakes above the ice blocks, discharging their water through openings under them. Round the edges of the lakes are hanging pieces of ice, which in the above-described manner are precipitated into them. They are then driven to the mouth of the opening, through which the smaller pieces are carried down into the sea, but the larger ones block up the opening, by which not only the water is stopped, but also the other masses of ice. The water rising higher detaches still more of those pieces, and the lake is at last so full of them, that they break a new channel. Thus the masses that were heaped one upon the other are hurled into the sea, accompanied by a continual thundering noise. The sea is put into terrible commotion, and the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, when they hear this roaring, expect to see the whole bay blocked up with ice.

‘If the ice mountains remain for some time under the projecting blocks of ice (which depends on the state of the wind and the current) their size is then increased, and they rise to a terrible height, assuming the most curious shapes. At last they are driven from one bay into another, or they advance into the sea and float about in Davis’s Strait, till by moving southwards they are dissolved in more temperate latitudes. I do not mean to say that all ice mountains in Davis’s Strait have their origin in Greenland, for some of them probably came from more distant regions; but I think it most probable that the greatest part of this sort of ice has been detached from the western coast, and from the eastern coast of Greenland which they call old Greenland.’

From this and other evidence which might be adduced, it is clear that the quantity of ice in the northern regions has undergone a very considerable and even rapid increase, and we are of opinion that this circumstance is sufficient to account for that deterioration of our climate which we set out with deploring, and which, if the

same causes continue to act, is equally threatening to our, at present, more fortunate neighbours upon the continent of Europe.

It now becomes a question whether there are any hopes of amendment; whether matters may not take a turn the other way; and whether, by the gradual breaking up of the ice, the climate of this part of Europe may not regain its former state. In favour of this idea, it seems in the first place highly improbable, from what we know of the beneficent adjustments of Nature, that there should be no remedy or compensation provided for so great an evil; but, secondly, it seems that within the last year a very notable relaxation of the cold has actually taken place. East Greenland, as we have before mentioned, has not only been inaccessible, but even invisible for a long period; but last year it was observed by one of the whalers, that the ice had there suffered a most astonishing decrease; that about two thousand square leagues had disappeared, and that land was again visible. We learn too from Copenhagen, that intelligence was there received in August last, that the ice which from time immemorial had interrupted the communication with East Greenland had vanished. It is further probable that the process of thawing is going on to a yet greater extent further north, for the ice islands met with in the Atlantic are almost entirely conveyed thither by the southern current, which constantly runs in Davis's Strait, and they were last year much more numerous than usual—many, and large ones, were even seen in 42° south latitude in the summer and autumn of 1816, and we think it by no means improbable that the extreme chillness of that season may in great measure be referred to these visitors from the north; for the south-west winds could not but have been chilled by passing over these frozen masses. We think there is one other remark worth recording, though we would not be understood to lay any stress upon its reference to, or connexion with, the more propitious state of weather that we now look for—it is, that at the very time we heard of the thawing of the northern ice, and a consequent probability of the return of these regions to their former state, the westward variation of the magnetic needle began to decline, and it has already retrograded some degrees towards due north.\*

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ART. IX.—*Books Republished.*

*Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, by William Hazlitt.*

The French we believe have boasted that they were the first to discern the merits of Milton and Newton, and that those authors enjoyed great celebrity on the Continent while their names were almost totally unknown in their native land. Whether this be true or otherwise, it is certain that the most judicious and at the same time the most rapturous admirer of Shakspeare is the German

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\* From America, too, we learn, that in consequence of the coldness of the seasons, Indian corn will no longer ripen in New England, and that the farmers have consequently taken to the cultivation of wheat, which has succeeded so well, as to render it likely to supersede maize.



critic Schlegel. In his excellent lectures on the Drama he has gone more fully and deeply into the subject, than any of the thousand commentators before him, who have 'held their farthing candles to the sun' of Shakspeare. The peculiar characteristics of this great master, his profound and intimate acquaintance with nature in her highest and lowest walks; his humour and pathos; his admirable discrimination of character, and his absolute dominion over the minds of his readers, have never been better described or more rationally accounted for, than by this German writer. And yet there is scarcely a book, in the current English literature, that we should suppose less intelligible to foreigners in consequence of the obsolescence of many of the words, and the prevalence of local idioms and allusions. 'The divinity, however, that 'stirred within him,' has triumphed over these obstacles, and the language of nature is as well understood on the borders of the Rhine as on the banks of the Avon. Mr. Hazlitt, it seems, feeling a little piqued that a foreigner should have all the credit of a philosophical criticism upon an English author, set down to prove that his countrymen are able to give reasons of their own for their idolatry. He has accordingly produced the book before us, and although we think that he has in some instances pushed his religious worship to the verge of superstition, and in others displayed no less fanaticism, yet upon the whole it is an eloquent and sensible book, containing perhaps next to Schlegel's, the best analysis of the characters of Shakspeare's heroes that has yet appeared. Each play is considered separately, its beauties pointed out, and its dramatis personae compared and contrasted with the preceding and subsequent ones. New lights are thus frequently shed upon the characters whom we had been accustomed to contemplate in a different point of view, and although we are often disposed to think that this commentator like many others, 'sees in Shakspeare more than Shakspeare knew,' yet he has given still oftener such good 'reasons for his faith,' that we rise from the perusal with a much higher opinion of the genius of the poet, than we had before entertained. Of Mr. Hazlitt's style, which is peculiar to himself and two or three others of the school of Leigh Hunt, we do not know exactly what to say. It has a kind of homely simplicity and freshness about it, and at the same time a profusion of similes and allusions, which remind us forcibly of the writers of the age of Shakspeare, but unfortunately the effort at simplicity and natural expression has often an appearance of labour, which renders it awkward and rather ludicrous. The following sentences furnish a fair example of the manner in which this author's ideas 'jostle each other' (as he says of Shakspeare) when the stream of natural expression is a little forced out of its channel. He is comparing Chaucer with Shakspeare.

'No one could have more depth of feeling or observation than Chaucer, but he wanted resources of invention to lay open the stores of nature or the human heart with the same radiant light, that Shakspeare has done. However fine or profound the thought, we know what is coming, whereas the effect of reading Shakspeare is "like the eye of vas-

salage encountering majesty." Chaucer's mind was consecutive, rather than discursive. He arrived at truth through a certain process; Shakspeare saw every thing by intuition. Chaucer had great variety of power, but he could do only one thing at once. He set himself to work on a particular subject. His ideas were kept separate, labelled, ticketed, and parcelled out in a set form, in pews and compartments by themselves. They did not play into one another's hands. They did not re-act upon one another, as the blower's breath moulds the yielding glass. There is something hard and dry in them. What is the most wonderful thing in Shakspeare's faculties is their excessive sociability, and how they gossiped and compared notes together.'

Of his better manner the following is a favorable specimen.

'We have heard it objected to *ROMEO and JULIET*, that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experience of the good or ills of life, or whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the *Stranger* and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakspeare proceeded in a more straight, forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced, but on all the pleasures they had *not* experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to check and kill it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt? As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the



lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakspeare has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.'

We could make many other extracts creditable to the author's eloquence and sound sense, but the following remarks on the character of Hamlet are all that we have room for.

' This is that Hamlet the Dane, whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after years; he who made that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought "this goodly frame, the earth, a steril promontory, and this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;" whom "man delighted not, nor woman neither;" he who talked with the gravediggers, and moralized on Yorick's skull; the schoolfellow of Rosenbraus and Guildenstern at Wittenberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of Ophelia; he that was mad and sent to England; the slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at the court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know as well as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakspeare.

' Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy, through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

' We have been so used to this tragedy that we hardly know how to criticise it any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, be-

cause he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* shews the greatest depth of passion, *HAMLET* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest; every thing is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort, the incidents succeed each other as matters of course, the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do, if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of musick borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only ‘the outward pageants and the signs of grief;’ but ‘we have that within which passes shew.’ We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatick writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature: but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.’

*Rosabella*; a novel. 3 vols.

The writer of this production is, we are told, distinguished in the sentimental world by his former novels, which have duly passed muster at the circulating libraries, and given great satisfaction to many ingenious young gentlemen. Not having had the good luck to peruse them, we are of course unable to decide whether ‘*Rosabella*’ be equal or inferior to ‘*Santo Sebastiano*.’

To tell the plain truth we are hardly competent to form an opinion upon the work before us, as notwithstanding all our efforts to the contrary, the overpowering influence of Morpheus had sealed up our faculties before we had finished the first volume. We would recommend to the author the propriety of mixing in his future works, some spell or conjuration, by which the power of this cunning enchanter may be defeated. Like ‘*Deformed*’ he has been ‘a vile thief this seven year,’ and we think it advisable with honest Dogberry that he should be ‘comprehended as a vagron.’

*Manners*; a novel, in 2 vols.

This is one of those works which can neither be praised nor blamed in the superlative degree. The author has displayed some knowledge of human nature, but it appears to be rather drawn from observation upon books than upon mankind. ‘*Integros haurire fontes*’ is reserved only for a fortunate few; the rest must be contented to ‘pour from the vials’ of their predecessors into their own.

The characters are accordingly somewhat commonplace and the incidents not very new; neither are we perhaps sufficiently moved



by the touches of the pathetic introduced in it. The book is notwithstanding these defects amusing; and although we would not insure its life for twelve months under a very high premium (if the expression be allowed,) yet we have no doubt it will be considerably admired for a time.

The quotations of all descriptions, English, French and Latin, are uncommonly numerous, and we suspect from the number of the latter, and the prevalence of legal allusions, that the author is of the masculine gender, and an acquaintance of those matters of-fact persons, John Doe and Richard Roe.

*Letters from a Mother to a Daughter, by Mrs. Taylor and Jane Taylor.*

The authors of this useful little work have heretofore done great service to a considerable part of the reading community by the plain and practical morality as well as good taste and good sense evinced in their writings. The one now before us is of the same nature and has the same characteristic. If the rising generation be not the nearest to perfection of any that have existed since the golden age, it will certainly not be for want of information and advice in every shape. No pains have been spared to diminish the friction on the high road of instruction, and the by ways and short cuts to the great object are innumerable. Children are now taught their letters in the most palatable way through the medium of gingerbread, and even their sports and games in this scientific age are made the vehicles of philosophical ideas. The great doctrines of morals too are inculcated in a way to suit all capacities, and carried through a thousand channels into the public mind. The medium chosen by these authors for the conveyance of their ideas is a very good one, and we recommend it to our younger readers as far more useful reading than the fanatical tracts with which the dwellings of the poor are inundated.

*The Quakers; a tale, by Elizabeth B. Lester.*

We believe this to be Miss Lester's first appearance on the literary stage, and if she will take our advice, it will be her last. Encouraged we presume by the success of Miss More and Miss Edgeworth, she has abandoned that respectable and we think more appropriate weapon, the needle, and left the delineation of figures on a sampler for that of characters in a novel. She should remember however that as 'non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum,' so it does not fall to the lot of every female to possess the talents which have elevated the ladies, of whom we have spoken, to the highest rank in literature. The vanity of authorship and the servile love of imitation have spoiled many a good semstress, and diverted to the composition of romances, hands that would have been more suitably employed in the manufacture of puddings. In the very respectable work of the old fashioned Mrs. Glasse, which we fear our author is not in the habit of perusing, it is recommended to her readers to purchase or procure the articles intended to be dressed previous to performing that operation upon them. We would seriously advise Miss Lester to a similar course in her next

undertaking, as in the present she has displayed an uncommon degree of ignorance of the language and character of the worthy sect she has introduced. Middling authors are sure to caricature when they attempt to draw likenesses. Being deficient in the knowledge of those finer touches, by which a character is often successfully hit off, they are reduced to the necessity of making their figures outrè in order to draw the public attention to them. This appears to be Miss Lester's case, and whether her book was intended as a satire or a panegyric, we think it has equally failed.

*Memoirs of the life of David Garrick; by Thomas Davies. 2 vols.*

This though not a very new is a very amusing and interesting book, full of anecdotes of the great man whose life is recorded, as well as of his contemporaries, and gratifying in many other particulars to the lovers of the drama. To the latter and all who are fond of light reading we recommend it as a very entertaining work.

*Tales of Wonder, of Humour, and of Sentiment, &c. by Anna and Anabella Plumptre. 2 vols.*

'Promising,' says Shakspeare, 'is the very air o' the time. Performance argues a great sickness on the judgment of him that does it.' If this be true the judgment of the Miss Plumptres needs no physician, for we are not certain that we ever met with a book the contents of which were so plainly at variance with its title. We opened the volumes with great expectation of finding something to compensate for the labour to which our unfortunate vocation exposes us, and closed them with a strong desire of knowing what ideas these ladies attach to the three substantives they have placed in the title page. Of Sentiment we are so old fashioned as not to know the meaning, at least as we find it used in many of the works of the day, of Humour we have been unable to discover the slightest traces, and the only Wonder excited in our minds is that this book could have been composed, or at least acknowledged by maiden ladies. The first tale in the work is called Zelis; under which of the heads the authors ranked it we are at a loss to discover. We presume however it is of the sentimental order, as we find the hero in many *delicate* (the old phrase was *indelicate*) situations, the particulars of which are expressed with becoming warmth. As a sample of the manner with which these English ladies treat of the amours of their hero, we refer our readers to p. 24—5 of the first volume. We have indeed no less than three intrigues in about the same number of pages. What is not indelicate indeed in these tales is very commonplace. The work is fortunately too dull to be hurtful, but nevertheless we cannot help expressing for the fiftieth time, our surprise that such books are reprinted in this country, while so many sensible and valuable English volumes are inaccessible to the great majority of readers from their enormous price.



ART. X.—*An Eulogium in commemoration of Doctor Caspar Wistar*, late President of the American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia for promoting useful knowledge. Delivered before the Society, pursuant to their appointment, in the German Lutheran church in Fourth street, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 11th day of March, 1818. By the Hon. William Tilghman, chief justice of the supreme court of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. Published by order. Philadelphia. E. Earle.

*An Eulogium on Caspar Wistar, M. D. Professor of Anatomy*, by Charles Caldwell, M. D. Professor of Natural History, in the University of Pennsylvania. Delivered by appointment, before the members of the Philadelphia Medical Society; and published at their request. Philadelphia. Thomas Dobson and Son.

THE loss of Dr. Wistar, as it excited in the learned societies to which he belonged, the most profound regret, called forth at the same time a correspondent desire to honor his memory, and record the qualifications by which he was distinguished. Such commemorations of character are attended with the best effects. To youth, they afford an insight of those studies and pursuits by which eminence is attained,—to age, they confirm the benefits of perseverance, and the hope of its reward; acting, in both cases, as an incentive to exertion. The mind of man is prone to value the good opinion of others; to point out the means of acquiring it, is therefore one among other numerous recommendations of public testimony to departed merit. In order to promote a just conception of those standards of excellence which they described, as well as to encourage imitation, the French Academy long since adopted the practice on the demise of a member, of appointing one of its body to pronounce an Eulogy on the literary or scientific character of the deceased. If on these occasions praise has, in any instance been extravagantly bestowed, the uses of such a practice are not diminished in a society singularly select and limited in its composition; and it cannot be denied, that, by it, much valuable information on the different pursuits of literature and science has been preserved, much history of the human mind, and of the influence of events in the impulse and determination of genius, has been disseminated, affording light to successive generations on the true sources of intellectual distinction.

It was with much satisfaction therefore, that we learnt the determination of the learned societies before whom, and a numerous and fashionable audience these orations were delivered, to appoint one of their members respectively to such a duty. The eulogium of the learned judge is replete with judicious and feeling reflection. It is written in a style of classical elegance, and contains many just and striking truths on the dignity of philosophical pursuits. It sets out with deploring the loss of him whose virtues they were met to celebrate, and vindicates the utility of approbation publicly expressed on the qualities of the meritorious dead.

‘ Deeply impressed with the merit of their deceased president, they have resolved, that his talents and his virtues shall be held up to public view. To him, indeed, this is now of no concern. The breath of praise, so sweet to the living, no longer reaches him. But in a world abounding in temptation, it is necessary that men should be stimulated to virtue, not only by the example of the dead, but by the hope of posthumous honour. For, such is our nature, that we are powerfully incited by the desire of fame, even after death. It has been thought wise, therefore, by most nations, and particularly by the ancient republics, to pronounce eulogies on the meritorious dead. If wise in them, it is no less so in us. Indeed, we have more need of this custom than they; because, from the nature of our government, we have fewer artificial excitements to noble actions. We admit of no permanent honours, either personal or hereditary. But the ancient republics had both. We are not without danger of becoming too exclusively the votaries of wealth, often acquired by sordid and ignoble conduct. It behoves us, therefore, to counteract this overwhelming influence, by refusing it any weight in the estimation of character. This can be in no way better done, than by fixing a standard in which wealth shall be no ingredient. And in the formation of this standard, posthumous eulogium will be a powerful engine. Wealth will no longer be thought praiseworthy, when it has ceased to be an object of praise. I am aware of the opinion of a celebrated Roman historian, that this kind of eulogy; although productive of much good, had an evil tendency, in corrupting the truth of history. But this will depend on the use which is made of it. If employed for the purpose of lavishing indiscriminate or unjust encomium, it will be an evil; if judiciously used, a good. By our society this honour has certainly been dispensed, not only with sound judgment, but with a frugal hand. We shall not be accused of corrupting historical integrity, when it is known that but three eulogies have hitherto been pronounced by our order; and that the objects of these three were Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Priestley. Indeed it has been the opinion of many, and particularly of him whose virtues we are about to commemorate, that we have been too sparing of *just applause*. At the last meeting of the society which he attended, he expressed his regret that many of our associates had been suffered to sink into unmerited oblivion.’

On the subject of commencing medical practice, the judge expresses himself with a soundness of opinion that recommends the lesson to every student in the profession.

‘ Instead of entering immediately into the practice of medicine, he determined to avail himself of the advantages to be found in the schools of London and Edinburgh, at that time the first in the world. In this he displayed his usual judgment. It has been remarked that, with few exceptions, those who have been great in the learned professions, have abstained from practice at an early age. The cause is obvious. The elements of science lie too deep to be attained without long and patient thought. The mind requires retirement and tranquillity, to exert its powers of reflection to their full extent. But these are incompatible with the bustle, the anxiety, the agitation of active life.’

The value of natural science is ably and eloquently asserted in the following passage, wherein that dignified pursuit is triumphantly upheld, and vindicated from the aspersions of the ignorant.



‘It has been asserted that the study of natural philosophy tends to infidelity and even to atheism. To plead the cause of philosophy before this society would be worse than waste of time. But as we are honoured with the presence of numerous strangers, it may not be improper to say a few words in answer to this popular objection. It is not foreign to my subject; because, if there be truth in the assertion, instead of recommending our late president, as an example worthy of imitation, we should point him out as a delusive meteor, whose false light might lead the unwary to the pit of destruction. I shall say but little; for were I to permit myself to enlarge on the boundless subject, I should soon exhaust my own strength and your patience. In the sacred scripture, the repository of the revealed will of the Deity, we find it written, that God has not left himself *without witness* among the heathen; that is to say, his visible works bear witness to his existence and his attributes. And it is most true. The most barbarous nations are struck with the evidence, and acknowledge the existence of a power superior to man. But those stupendous works, which, in silent majesty, proclaim their Maker, do not disclose half their testimony to an ignorant observer. Nay, if not understood, there is danger of being misled by them. The untutored savage beholds the splendour of the sun, and perceives that from the warmth of its rays proceeds the growth of the innumerable vegetables which give beauty and comfort to the world. Ignorant of its nature, he considers it as an intelligent being, and worships it as a god. What would be his sensations, could the darkness of his mind be instantaneously illumined by philosophy; how great his surprise at perceiving that this resplendent orb, the object of his adoration, was no more sensible than the brute earth on which he trod? With what astonishment, and gratitude, and awe, would he contemplate that great Being who fixed the sun in his orbit, and clothed it with light? If we pass from the savage to civilized man, the effects of increased knowledge will be of the same nature. The most ignorant among us understand that the sun was created by God. To every one, therefore, it is a mighty witness of the existence and power of its Maker. But thousands and thousands see nothing in the sun, but the source of light and heat. Suppose now, their minds to be endued with a knowledge of all its wonderful power—Suppose them to view it as the centre round which revolve, in rapid and ceaseless motion, the immense bodies which form the planetary system, all bound by its attractive force, to one immutable path through the trackless void.—Suppose them moreover, to be informed, that the countless stars which bespangle the firmament, are probably other suns, enlightening and supporting other systems of inhabited worlds!—Suppose, I say, the mass of mankind to have ideas like these, would not the celestial bodies, to them, bear stronger testimony of the mighty God? And exactly the same argument is applicable to every thing animate and inanimate in this terrestrial globe—from intelligent man to the scarce moving shell-fish—from the towering oak to the twining ivy—from the sparkling diamond to the dusky coal—from the massy rock to the fine sand—from the troubled ocean to the glistening dew-drop—from the loud tornado to the whispering zephyr—whatever floats in air, or swims in water, or rests on its unfathomed bed—whatever flourishes on earth’s green surface, or lies hid in her capacious bosom—all the elements of matter, with their unnumbered varieties—all, all bear witness to their almighty Maker, and witness stronger and stronger as they are better and better understood—for every thing is perfect,

every thing miracle. How then can it be that as evidence increases, faith should diminish? The thing is impossible. When the understanding is convinced, it is not in human power to withhold belief. But, it has been said, that the pride of man perverts his understanding—that, intoxicated with his own little discoveries, he forgets his Maker, and with the fool, says in his heart, *there is no God*. In theory this is not true; nor is it in fact. That there are melancholy instances of extraordinary intellect destroyed by intense study, is not to be denied. And candour would ascribe to that cause, the atheism attributed, perhaps unjustly, to a late celebrated French astronomer. But such cases are rare. On the contrary, the instances are without number, where reason has maintained her seat, and the belief in God has been confirmed. To give the highest examples at once, I shall mention Newton in England, and our own Rittenhouse, whose minds the mighty Maker of the universe seems to have touched with celestial fire, in order that they might unfold his works and render their testimony plain and irresistible. Nor is it true that knowledge begets pride. This is proved by the two great men I have named, as remarkable for modesty as for depth of science. It is only the half learned who are insolent. They are proud because they are ignorant.'

From these extracts the tenor of the Eulogium may be collected; the whole deserves the attentive perusal of every friend to knowledge, and must be peculiarly gratifying to the members of the American Philosophical Society, as highly creditable to their discernment in selecting, for their public orator, one who has so amply justified their choice.

Dr. Caldwell's eulogium consists chiefly of professional views, which, as a colleague in the medical faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, he particularly addressed to the students of that department, and to the Medical Society, at whose request it was pronounced. For some particulars relative to the late Professor unnoticed elsewhere, and a brief history of the origin and progress of the medical school in this city, we refer our readers to a notice of the character of the deceased at page 156 of this volume, communicated by one of the Professors.

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#### ART. XI.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

##### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Sandy, Librarian of the Society of Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh, has compiled a *catalogue raisonné* of the books in the society's library, in a manner calculated to facilitate the reference of the reader, and aid him in the search of information. For one who wishes merely to know whether any particular book is in the library, a common alphabetical catalogue is sufficiently convenient. But, where he is anxious to know all the books which it contains on a particular subject, he must be under the necessity of reading

over a great part of the catalogue, an irksome labour, and which hardly any one can have patience to perform with any degree of accuracy. To obviate this, Mr. Sandy has, in his catalogue, not only arranged, separately, but has formed each branch into a variety of divisions and sub-divisions, which cannot fail to be of the greatest use to those who have particular objects of research in view.

Thus, law is divided into,

1. Treatises on laws in general.
2. Law of nature and nations.
3. Civil Law.



4. Canon law.
5. The constitution and public law of Great Britain.
6. The law of England.
7. The law of Scotland.
8. Mercantile law.
9. Military law.
10. Foreign law.

As a specimen of the subdivisions we give the instance of

POETRY.

- Sec. 1. Greek poets.
- 1. Originals.
  - 2. Translations.
- Sec. 1. Roman poets.
- 1. Originals.
  - 2. Translations.
- Sec. 3. French poets.
- 1. French poets who have written in Latin.
  - 2. French poets who have written in French.
  - 3. Translations of French poets.
- Sec. 4. Italian poets.
- Sec. 5. English poets.
- 1. Translations of English poets.
- Sec. 4. Scottish poetry.
- 1. Collections of Scottish poetry.
  - 2. Scottish poets who have written in Latin.
  - 3. Scottish poets who have written in Scottish.
  - 4. Scottish poets who have written in English.
  - 5. Translations of Scottish poets.

It is also highly useful, where a book is voluminous, and its subjects various, to give a concise statement of the contents of its different volumes. This part of the work has accordingly been executed in the present case with great diligence and success.

USEFUL ARTS.

*On the preservation of Meat by means of Charcoal.*—The antiseptic power of charcoal has long been known; the domestic use of it to remove or to disguise a slight taint of meat, which has been overkept, is familiar: as is the employment of it to subdue the stench of animal corruption in other circumstances. Trials had been likewise made of it for preserving raw meat for a long time, and preventing instead of merely remedying the decay; but not with complete success, or satisfactory result.

I was therefore desirous of making trials of its efficacy, aided by other means for obviating the usual concurrent causes of putrescence, which appear to be moisture, warmth, and the access of atmospheric air.

With this view I procured some vessels to be made of tin, which may be shortly described as canisters, to which a sliding lid is adapted. Into these vessels fumes of charcoal were introduced to expel the air, and substitute for it carbonic acid. They were then filled with slices of raw meat between layers of dry charcoal powder, and carefully closed, luting the lid, and then covering the whole with bladder. In this state the tin vessels were placed in a wine cellar, where they remained for more than eight months, from the beginning of April to the present month (December).

Four of these vessels were opened on the 6th and the remainder on the 8th December. The meat was found perfectly sound, firm, and sweet; except two pieces which were soft. In all the rest, including three sorts of meat, the fat and the lean were alike good; and, on rubbing or scraping off the charcoal, the raw meat had precisely the appearance which it has when fresh from the shambles. Some of the pieces were dressed and tasted: and were pronounced to be entirely sound. A few were kept, after being taken out of the charcoal, and did not become tainted until after six days.

The charcoal had imbibed a smell not unlike that of dried meat; but not materially offensive. The meat itself was entirely free from that smell.

It is my intention to repeat and vary the experiment, chiefly with a view to ascertain whether any considerable changes of temperature can be rendered consistent with the preservation of raw meat by this method; observing the other precautions. It is plain however, that independently of still greater usefulness which would attend so desirable a result, the mode followed to the extent of the present successful trial cannot but be attended with much practical utility. It is both simple and cheap.

Upon this account, and considering the time requisite to make progress in experiments where results are not obtained until after several months, I have not judged it necessary to defer the

communication of the success which has attended a first trial.

15th December, 1817.

H. T. C.

*Patent Malt.*—There are few patents that promise to be of such great national importance as one lately obtained by D. Wheeler and Co. for a new and improved method of preparing brown malt.

The essential difference between ale and porter is, that the latter liquor is of a much deeper colour than the former, and has besides a peculiar empyreumatic flavour, not easily defined, though universally known. This colour and this flavour were originally obtained by mixing with the pale malt commonly used for brewing ale a certain proportion of malt dried at a somewhat higher temperature, and, in consequence of being thus slightly scorched, capable of communicating to the water in which it is infused a deep tan-brown colour, and a peculiar flavour.

In the composition of the best genuine porter, two parts of brown malt are required to three parts of pale malt. The price of the former is generally about seven-eighths of the latter; but the proportion of saccharine matter which it contains does not, according to the highest estimate, exceed one-half of that afforded by the pale malt, and probably on an average scarcely amounts to one fifth. Taking, however, the proportion of sugar in brown malt even at about one-half, it follows that the porter brewers are paying for the colour and flavour of their liquor one-fifth of the entire cost of their malt. The price of this latter article has of late years increased so enormously, and the mutual competition of the manufacturers has become so active, as to offer temptations, not easily resisted, either of supplying the flavour and colour of porter by the use of Spanish liquorice, burned sugar, and other similar ingredients, which, however innocent in themselves, are prohibited by the Legislature, or of diminishing the strength of the liquor: thus rendering it more liable to become sour or vapid by keeping, and hence bringing on the necessity of using, alkaline substances to correct the first, and deleterious narcotics, such as *coccus indicus*, to supply the deficiency of alcohol. The result of all this is, that a large quantity of ill-made noxious liquor is forced upon the pub-

lic, that the diminished strength of such as is made of allowed ingredients drives multitudes of the lower classes to the use of gin and opium, and that the scandalous frequency of frauds on this branch of the revenue has entirely abolished all moral feeling on the subject, and reduced it to a mere calculation of expediency.

It appears that the patentees have discovered that, by exposing common malt to a temperature of about 430° Fahr., in close vessels, it acquires a dark chocolate-brown colour, and is rendered so soluble in water, either hot or cold, that, when mixed with pale malt in the proportion of one-eightieth, it communicates to the liquor the perfect colour and flavour of porter.

From this it follows that the brewer, by employing four parts of pale malt and one-twentieth of a part of patent malt, may obtain a stronger liquor than from his usual proportions of three parts of pale and two parts of brown malt. The saving thus occasioned ought in equity to be divided between the patentees, the brewer, and the public. The revenue will be benefited by the increased consumption which will necessarily result from an improvement in the quality of the porter; and both the revenue and public morals will derive advantage from the greatly diminished temptation of fraudulent practices.

*Ed. Mag.*

The following is particularly worthy of the notice of directors of banking establishments, stock and exchange brokers, and of merchants and others, in general, whose counting houses are so frequently the subjects of depredation, where they contain notes and deposits of value.—

The construction and properties of Bramah's patent lock, in which the confidence of the public has so long reposed, having become a subject of discussion at the meetings of the Royal Institution, Mr. Bramah attended, and exhibited a large model, explanatory of the principles of his late father's lock and his own improvements upon it, to the institution; when every one was satisfied with the almost utter impossibility of opening locks upon this construction, their security depending upon the doctrine of combinations or multiplication of numbers into each other, which



is known to increase in the most rapid proportion. Thus a lock of five sliders admits of 3000 variations, while one of eight, which are commonly made, will have no less than 1,935,360 changes, or, in other words, that number of attempts at making a key, or at picking it may be made, before it can be opened. Such was the case in the lifetime of its late ingenious inventor: but, by the simple improvement of his sons, the present manufacturers, this difficulty may be increased an hundred fold, or in a greater proportion, without at all adding to the complication of the lock.

## FINE ARTS.

*Poonah or Indian Painting.*—This is a method of painting lately introduced from India, by which (with Poonah guides) the ladies of London have been enabled to decorate their dresses, &c. so as to give the appearance of real fruit or flowers. It is also applied to painting landscapes, animals, &c. We are also informed, that it is not necessary the pupil should be previously acquainted with drawing, and that it is done in less than half the usual time. Mr. Middleton has commenced teaching the whole of this elegant art in Edinburgh.

## PHILOSOPHICAL.

*Miss M'Evoy.*—An account has appeared in the newspaper and in a philosophical Journal (Dr. Thomson's,) of a blind young woman at Liverpool, possessed of most extraordinary powers in the organs of touch, and a work has been written, by a medical gentleman, expressly on the subject. These powers are stated not to depend upon an improvement of the sense of feeling by habitual exercise, nor even upon a preternatural sensibility of feeling, but upon the actual formation of an optical organ in the skin of the fingers, hands, &c. She is said to *feel* the hour of the day *through* the plate of a watch-glass, and to distinguish colours and objects *reflected* by a mirror. Whoever considers the nature of the eye, and of the sense of vision, must pronounce the case to be no less than miraculous. Dr. Darwin, in his loose speculations on organic life, has traced an irritable fibre becoming sensitive, and by its appetencies acquiring the organs necessary for its existence. This case affords the *only accredited fact* we believe yet on record

in favour of his hypothesis. A young woman is blind, and has an appetency for the sense of vision, and she gains not two eyes as a compensation for those she had lost, but ten, one in each of her fingers, besides occasional ones in the back of her hand and her cheek.

There seems to be an extraordinary sympathy and connexion, we are informed, between these newly produced organs and those she has lost; for we have heard that on a book being presented to her having blue paper on one side and yellow on the other, she felt the part uppermost and said that it was blue, and on being asked what the colour was, she turned round the book so as to bring it *into her natural sphere of vision*, and then said it was yellow. There can be no doubt that she sees, and some persons may suppose not with her fingers.

## NAVIGATION.

Mr. Hunter of Edinburgh has invented an instrument which is of great importance to the navigator. From two altitudes of the sun, and the interval of time between the observations, he can determine, within five minutes after the second observation, the latitude of the place, the hour from noon, and the variation of the compass. According to the common form of calculation for double altitudes, the latitude by account is supposed to be known, which in the use of this instrument is not necessary. It has been tried in several examples, and the results always found very near the truth. If a vessel was driven from her course by storms or currents, if the reckoning was altogether lost, and the mariner could not get a meridian observation, with this instrument and a chronometer, he could, in a few minutes after the second observation, ascertain his position on the ocean with accuracy. An invention of so much utility in navigation is worthy of encouragement from those concerned in the commerce of the country.

## BOTANY.

A botanical work in folio, printed from stone, consisting of coloured figures of rare plants, will be published in the early part of this year. The figures are taken from the collection of Chinese and Indian drawings in the possession of William Cattley, Esq.

[The following is from the pen of Richard Nisbet, of the Pennsylvania Hospital. It is not unusual to find poets among persons similarly circumstanced; but their effusions mostly betray the wildness of an unsettled brain, and their flights of fancy are in the regions of extravagance.

This piece is of a different character. It manifests a connexion of ideas, and a faithful adherence to the subject, which would not disgrace a poet whose rationality had never been suspended. The justness of the eulogy will be readily admitted by every one who had the happiness of an acquaintance with the much lamented Doctor, whose mildness of manners, and tenderness of disposition, appear to have left an indelible impression, even on the mind of the deranged.]

AN EULOGIC ELEGIAC,

*To the departed Doctor Samuel Cooper.*

And Carmel's sheet, too short at either end,  
May serve a verse to some departed friend.

R. N.

1

Mild were thy manners, as the May's sweet morn,  
Which blooms on all, with nature's grace and ease;  
Nor knew thy tender breast, *revenge* or *scorn*;  
But *thought* and *sorrow*, were thy soul's disease.

2

For gentle May has frequent showery tears,  
Though deck'd in all the sweets of vernal power:  
And thou, though in the life of vernal years,  
Hadst yet the pensive, and the weeping hour.

3

'Tis oft the poet's and the sage's fate,  
Some grief or desolation to deplore;  
To look indignant on the wretch's state,  
Who feels for *self*, nor feels a wish for more.

4

A poet, and a sage, this fate was thine!  
But mild benevolence illum'd thy days;  
It grac'd thee through the healing art divine,  
And rear'd a deathless laurel to thy praise.

5

Ah! virtuous youth! unknown, unsought too long!  
(Thy treasures lock'd, of cordial, mental fire)  
To thee, though prompt, how poor the friendly song—  
Whose Muse reach'd Wisdom, Science, and the Lyre.

6

By Almus Pater—fount of worth and love,  
May'st thou be blest in some Elysian sphere!  
Through no false Carmel, but the true to rove,  
While I with tenderness revere thee here.

7

Meanwhile be mine to search where thanks are due;  
Review the roll long hid, but once more known:  
Still worship virtue—love the kind and true;  
And yield aught else (save injuries) their own.